Music, Poetry and Art - 1913

# S. COLERIDGE TAYLOR DIE NOTED.

The Philadelphia Tribune

## VIOLINIST AND MUSICAL COMPOSER DIES

Philadelphia Pa. 9-7-12

**He Won World Wide Fame and Was Acknowledged as Being the Most Efficient Composer of Modern Times.**

**Achieved Renown for His Hiawatha Triology.**

**WAS THE AUTHOR OF MANY ORATORIOS**

THE LATE S. COLERIDGE TAYLOR.

London, Sept. 2.—Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the celebrated music composer, died yesterday. He was the most important of colored composers, and one the best known of modern composers, and was born in London on August 15, 1875. He was the son of a doctor of medicine, a native of Sierra Leone, and an English mother. He studied the violin with J. Beckwith, Croydon and joined the choir of St. George's, Croydon, and joined the choir of St. George's Croydon, at the age 10, as an alto singer. In 1890 he entered the Royal Cottage of Music as a student of the violin, studied composition with Sir Villiers Stanford and gained a composition scholarship in 1892.

From that time his name has been prominently before the public, at first through the performance of early chamber compositions at the Royal College students' concerts, such as a sonnet and a symphony, the latter given in St. James' Hall in 1896 under Stanfords direction.

A quintet for clarinet and strings in F. sharp minor, played at the Royal College in 1895, was later performed in Berlin by the Joachim quartet. A string quartet in D Minor dates from 1905.

It was in 1898 that the first part of his Hiawatha triology, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," was produced at the Royal College. His fame in America rests mostly on this choral work. The second part, "The death of Minnehaha," was brought out at the North Staffordshire Festival in the autumn of 1899. In the following May the overture to the whole was heard for the first time. The work, especially the first part, made a great and lasting success, such as has not been rivaled by any other composition from Coleridge-Taylor's pen.

As a matter of course he received many festival commissions after it, including "The Blind Girl of Castle-Cuille," for Leeds in 1901; "Meg Blane," Sheffield; 1902; and "Kubla Kahn," Handel Society, 1906.

He wrote incidental music for many of the plays which Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree produced at His Majesty's Theatre. This included accompaniments to the dramas, "Herod" Ulysses," "Nero," and "Faust," all by Stephen Phillips. In 1904 he became conductor of the London Handel Society.

He visited the United States two seasons ago to conduct one of his works at the Litchfield County Festival. This summer he wrote two pieces especially for this festival, one of them a violin concerto, which was performed for the first time there in June by Mme. Maud Powell. He has written a quantity of music for violin and piano, several songs and one symphony.

He visited Philadelphia twice; under the auspices of the Douglass Hospital, and gave recitals at Witherspoon Hall.

FOSTER'S FAME LIVES IN NEGRO BALLADS

## A Monument May Also Proclaim Deeds of Foster—He Was America's Most Popular Song Writer, Having Produced Many Favorite Songs.

Freeman 1-6-12

The Fourth of July, 1826, marked the half century of the birth of the American nation, and naturally was celebrated with a great display of oratory and fireworks. It was about noon of that day—the same day on which Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died—that a patriotic company on the outskirts of old Pittsburg were listening to the national salute from the arsenal cannon and martial airs from the band, when word came that a son had been born to the man who was the chief spirit of the celebration. The child who made his advent under such glorious auspices was destined to become America's most popular song writer, the author of "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Suwanee River," and 150 other ballads that everybody used to sing—Stephen Collins Foster.

His body rests to-day under a plain gravestone of the old-fashioned sort, just like his songs, and many think that a more elaborate memorial would be out of keeping. But others hold that by such a memorial Pittsburg would be honoring herself rather than the poet and composer, and so a movement is on foot to have the obscure grave in the Allegheny cemetery, almost within view of the spot where he was born, marked with a suitably dignified monument. One already exists in Highland Park, but it is not commensurate with Foster's fame and his high rank as a writer of songs. Another suggestion is to have the memorial take the form of a music pavilion in Schenley Park.

### How Foster Got the Tunes.

It was Foster who first delved into the rich fount of Negro melody to find the inspiration of truly American music. There is no primitive people that has a greater wealth of haunting themes than the descendants of the African slaves, and the ante-bellum plantation resounded with the tinkle of the banjo and the chant of the cotton pickers. When Stephen was still a child he would frequently be taken to a Negro church and camp meeting by a mulatto girl who was a bound servant in the household, and so he got some of the rhythmic tunes of the darkies early into his blood.

There had been a musical strain in his make-up from the first—his ancestry was Irish and one of his mother's antecedents was Italian. When little Stephen was only two years old he would often pick out harmonies on a guitar lying on the floor, and when he was only seven he was taken into a music store, where he took up a flute, and in a few minutes had mastered its stops sufficiently to play "Hail Columbia."

About that time there were several Negro airs that had become very popular, especially "Jim Crow" and "Zip Coon." A number of the boys in the neighborhood had fitted up an old carriage house as a theater and gave juvenile performances, at which nine-year-old Stephen was the musical star. He was a native musical genius; that fact was admitted by his comrades, who granted him the only "salary" paid out by the company, the others assuming the risks of management. When there was a surplus in the treasury a dividend was declared sufficient to enable the company to see Edwin Forrest or Junius Brutus Booth on their visits to the old Pittsburg Theater.

### Wrote First Song at Sixteen.

Native musical genius was not the sole equipment of the futre song writer. He had lessons from Henry Kleber, who had opened probably the first music store in Pittsburg. His brother has recorded that he gave much time to the study of Beethoven, Mozart and Weber. He delighted in improvisation upon the piano. He sang with profound feeling. One of his favorite songs was Tennyson's "May Queen," set to music by Dempster, and as he sang the pathetic words tears would often flow down his cheeks.

It was inevitable that he should try his hand at composition. He was sixteen when his first song was published. It was "Open Thy Lattice, Love." Two or three years later a club of young men used to gather to sing some of the popular Negro melodies of the day under his leadership, and to enlarge their repertoire he suggested that they produce some songs of their own. "The Louisiana Belle" was the first, both words and music, and a week later came "Old Uncle Ned," which made him famous. The following year he was in Cincinnati working as a bookkeeper for his brother, when he wrote "Oh, Susannah," another big hit. He gave these two songs to a friend in the music publishing business, who made $10,000 out of them. Foster had the usual lack of practical business ability which marks geniuses.

The sweetest and most widely sung of all of Foster's songs is "The Old Folks at Home," better known as "Suwanee Ribber." The story of how this song came to be written is told by Foster's brother, and will interest many thousands who sing it and do not even know that there is a real Suwanee river.

### How a Song Was Named.

"One day in 1851," Morrison Foster says, "Stephen came into my office and said to me: 'What is a good name of two syllables for a Southern river? I want to use it in this new song of "Old Folks at Home."' I asked him how Yazoo would do. 'Oh,' said he, 'that has been used before.' I then suggested Pedee. 'Oh, pshaw,' he replied, 'I won't have that.' I then took down an atlas from the top of my desk and opened the map of the United States. We both looked over it, and my finger stopped at the Suwanee, a little river in Florida emptying into the Gulf of Mexico. 'That's it, that's it exactly,' exclaimed he, delightedly, as he wrote the name down. He left the office, as was his custom, abruptly, without saying another word." About this time E. P. Christy, the famous Negro minstrel, wrote to Foster for a song, and this one was sold to him for $500. Foster made about $15,000 from this song afterward.

A faithful setter, given to Foster by a friend, furnished the inspiration for "Old Dog Tray." Another popular song, "My Old Kentucky Home," was written under a tree that is still standing at Federal Hill, the homestead, near Bardstown, Ky., where lived John Rowan, United States Senator from Kentucky when Stephen was born, and a cousin on his maternal side.

"Old Black Joe" is another perennial favorite among the nearly 200 songs that Stephen Collins Foster wrote. The figure of Old Black Joe adorns the pedestal of the monument in Highland Park, Pittsburg. It is a symbol of the intimate sympathy the poet and composer had with the life of the lowly black folk whose sorrows and joys he immortalized in his songs.

### His Courage and Gentleness.

Foster was one of the simplest and sweetest of souls. One of his teachers told his father that "Stephen was the most perfect gentleman he ever had for a pupil." He was on his way to a party one evening when he heard that a little girl had been run over by a dray and killed, and he went instead to the stricken home and spent the night there comforting her parents. Yet his gentle spirit could develop the courage of a lion upon occasions, as when he came upon two bullies who were abusing a drunken man. Seizing a fence rail, he drove them to flight, after a battle in which he received a scar that he carried with him to his grave.

so sensitive that the ticking of a clock annoyed him until he had stowed it away beneath a tub in the cellar, in order to be able to sleep, he locked the door of his room to every one but his mother when he was at work on a piece of music. He removed to New York once, because that was a better market for his compositions, and in a year he had become so homesick that he sold out his furniture, on a twenty-four hours' notice, and went home to Pittsburg. He reached the white cottage in Lawrenceville, still standing, about midnight, and when his mother came down to see who knocked so late, she found him weeping upon the porch. In spite of his love for his home, he was destined to die in the great metropolis. In January, 1864, while in the American Hotel in New York, he was seized with a fever. Getting up a few days later, he was so weakened that he fell across a washbasin and cut several serious gashes in his head and throat. He died in a hospital a few days later from weakness and loss of blood.

While Stephen Collins Foster had not the prodigious fertility of Schubert, who composed seven other songs on the same day that he composed "Erlkonig," or of Abt, who has over 3,000 songs to his credit, his most popular songs are sung by more people and awaken deeper response than those of any other composer. If we except "Home, Sweet Home," there is no better beloved song than "Suwanee Ribber."

He died when he was only thirty-eight years old, but it may be doubted whether the psalmist's span of life would have made his fame any more secure than it is. He and his songs are beloved, and that is the highest assurance of immortality. Pittsburg, where his daughter still lives, cannot add to his renown by the erection of another monument, but she can show that she appreciates the richness of his genius, which received the meed of praise from sources so diverse as Washington Irving and Ole Bull.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## "THE QUEST OF THE SILVER FLEECE"

### DuBois' Book Critically Reviewed.

"The Quest of the Silver Fleece" might be called a "Problem Novel," so far as it deals with a grave, not to say the gravest, moral issue of the times; but the story is permeated from page to page with an ardent romanticism. The facts portrayed are real enough and not to be denied, but they are so colored in analysis and description by a poetic imagination, a deep, abiding sense of personal and vicarious suffering, that the book reads as much like poem as novel, and makes classification difficult, which, after all, is not important. That the book is written with a distinct purpose is frankly avowed in a brief prologue and epilogue. These are bits of tense inspirational writing made up of appealing phrase, reaching scriptural fervency of utterance, such as the author's pen has made familiar to us in other writings, like his "Litany," some occasional poems, and "The Souls of Black Folks." Naturally this longer and more sustained effort—the complete novel—must submit to comparison with that earlier work, the little volume of sketches which startled the world's attention about ten years ago, and stirred the white conscience as it had not been stirred since anti-slavery days. It is no reflection on the novel to say that it will not bear this test, for no writer reaches his great artistic climax twice. "The Souls of Black Folks" will remain a prized classic in American literature. It did not need the open verdict of a Henry James, graciously bestowed, to give the book its rightful rank. Its merits are wholly its own and equally obvious to the trained critic and the general reader.

"The Silver Fleece" is a felicitous phrase applied to the annual cotton crop. The main theme is found in the reclamation of a piece of waste swamp land into broad and fertile acres covered with fleecy growth of the great mercantile product of the South. This work is accomplished secretly under the glow and incentive of young love by "Bles" (Blessed) Alwyn, the hero of the tale, and Zora, which is the gypsy-like appellation of the girl who had no known father to supply her with a complete name. Zora was the child of the swamp, who lived in a hut, the abode of misery and vice. Her grandmother, a witch-like creation, possessing all the wicked cunning of the type, was her sole guardian. Incidentally Zora was a bit of choice but despised sporadic fruit on the honored tree of the famous Creswell family. She was the product of that race mixture universally deplored, the blame of which is cruelly misplaced.

The history of Zora proceeds rapidly, and is one of swift, bewildering change from untamed, ignorant and willful girlhood to a super-refined and cultured young womanhood. The writer's romanticism comes fully into play here, yet Bles and Zora are among the best pieces of characterization in the book, vivid and masterful, compelling sympathy, but staggering belief at the same time, not because of the impossibility of either type, but for too imaginative rendering.

The manipulation of the cotton crop by the Northern stock market, the educational outlook for the black folk in the South, portrayed in the lifework of a Yankee schoolma'am dating from the early reconstruction period, plainly designated as Sarah Smith, the young lady-like experiences of another woman from the North of recent times, who fell quickly under the glamour of her new surroundings, married into the leading family of the Creswells, and came to number one more in the ignoble army of non-reconstructed Northerners, the least respected class in the South; the transfer of the scene to the National capital, where we see the Negro in politics, tricking and being tricked, and where we gain some envied glimpse of the colored "smart set;" the various steps in Zora's education, her return to her own people, and the happy culmination of the love story—these are the themes and incidents out of which the writer weaves his story.

The reader is puzzled to know just how to take the picture of upper-class colored society, just how the author himself takes it—"au serieux" or as a piece of playful satire. Not but that such a social group exists and deserves its standing as much as that which any other group of social climbers has achieved, but the extreme self-consciousness in the examples here offered, the superficial glitter of their drawing room accomplishments, their confident sense of superiority, while characteristic of self-styled "best society," wherever found, make one question not the validity, but the worth, of the portrait. The use of names of living people well known in their particular circles is an unlooked-for artistic lapse in a practiced writer.

"The Souls of the Black Folks" attained the desired end in the deep, abiding impression it made on the white consciousness of the age; it deepened the sense, of complicity, it pierced self-complacency, it went far to arouse the will to just and contrite action. "The Quest of the Silver Fleece" makes the same sort of appeal, retells the story of race hardship and loss imposed by race pride and love of monopoly. It shows the Negro still "within the veil." But he is slowly emerging. He may indeed be said to have arrived, but his cause is still widely misunderstood and suffers both from popular distrust and popular indifference. His helpers and friends are few. Not for the Negro alone, but for our own honor and integrity, the safety of the Republic, we must reach a different state of mind on this great and vital subject.

Justice and opportunity are large and inclusive terms. They comprise the right to useful, happy living, growing out of the full equipment of human faculty and power in every member of our common family.—The Christian Register.

# ACHIEVEMENTS OF AFRO-AMERICANS

## SOME IN THE ADVANCE GUARD

The Philadelphia Tribune Pa. 9-7-12.

### COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, COMPOSER DEAD.

London, September 1.—Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the music composer, died to-day. He was born in 1875.

The forgoing brief appeared in all the daily papers pretty generally throughout the country. He was a man of African lineage, yet had he been of any other race variety, representing as he did the high standard and the accomplished musician that he was, column after column would have been devoted to his demise.

We were glad, however, that at least two of our most influential daily papers editorially gave Mr. Taylor due recogniton as to his worth and labors in the field of music.

The two excepts follow:—

A NEGRO COMPOSER.

Samuel Colerdge-Taylor, the composer, who died in London on Sunday last, exemplified the genius of the African race in music. He was the son of a Negro physician of Sierra Leone and an Englishwoman. At the age of 6 (in 1881) he began the study of the violin. At 16 he entered the Royal College of Music and became a pupil of Villera Stanford. His many opus numbers included a symphony, a nonet and various other works of chamber music, a cantata with Hiawatha for its epic hero, an oratorio, the musical settings of Stephen Phillips' "Herod," "Ulysses" and "Nero."

Coleridge-Taylor paid several visits to the United States in 1904, 1906 and, finally, in 1910, when he conducted one of his orchestral works at the festival in Norwalk, Conn.

Coleridge-Taylor's compositions were marked by variety and vigorous originality, by tenderness of feeling and by poetic imaginaton. They had something of the plaintive, wistful quality of plantation song. It will be remembered that when Dvorak sought for typical American music as the thematic material he discovered it only among the Southern Negroes and the melodies of his "New World Symphony" are idealized forms of such songs as one might hear to-day in the rice fields of South Carolna.

Coleridge-Taylor was to modern music what our American Negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, was to literature. His genius was not of the very highest order, but it was of elevated rank. He never set his pen to an ignoble or unworthy score. The world of melody is impoverished by the premature termination of the labors of one who represented by far the best achievement of his race in his chosen field of endeavor.—The Ledger.

SAMUEL COLERIDGE-TAYYLOR.

The death of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor at the early age of thirty-seven is a distinct and deeply regretable loss to the musical world. His career, though brief, had been brilliant. His exceptional endowments were manifested at an early age. He was only a boy when his abilities attracted the attention of those around him, and before he attained to manhood the originality and value of his work had been widely recognized. Chamber music composed by him, while still in his 'teens, was played by a no less important organization than the Joachim Quartet, and yet it was not in this class of music that he excelled or that his wider fame was won.

His best and most considerable scores are those written for the chorus, and it is by the Hiawatha trilogy that he is best known and will be longest remembered. It was through this production that he gained distinction and popularity on both sides of the Atlantic, and critical opinion agrees in regarding it as his masterpiece. Each of the three parts into which it is divided achieved at its presentation an instant and sensational success, and each is characterized by qualities which communicate the promise of an enduring vitality. The composer was only twenty-five when the last three was completed. It is reasonable to suppose that had his life been spared their merits would have been surpassed.

Coleridge-Taylor was of African descent, his father having been a native of Sierra Leone, but there is nothing specifically African about his music, nor does he need any special consideration by reason of his race. He illustrated, as it had not been illustrated before, the love for musical utterance which is an oft-noted Negro trait, but his music has stood and will stand exclusively upon its own merits. It is rich in its harmony, charming in its tunefulness and eloquent in its emotional appeal, and the man who wrote it was one of the most gifted and remarkable among the composers of the day. It is a thousand pities he should have gone so soon.—The Inquirer.

## "THE MOST POPULAR PLANTATION SONGS"

### Novel

This is a collection containing one hundred and thirty-five of the old familiar and favorite songs which seem to be in themselves a part of American home life. The varied contents, including songs of sacred, sentimental, humorous, pathetic and patriotic character include every really popular home song and the words and music make a very handy and very pleasant way of spending some delightful hours. Published by Hinds, Noble and Eldredge, New York. 11-27-11

Music, Poetry and Art - 1913

## PECULIAR COLORED PEOPLE.

Only a few years ago Hampton and Tuskegee institutes were vigorously scored by a certain type of Negroes in New York because students from these influential institutions would, from time to time, sing old plantation songs before northern audiences. Several of the Negro ministers in New York City were actually afraid to have old-time plantation songs sung in their churches, although many enjoyed them, because a certain type of Negro criticised the ministers for permitting the rendition of such numbers.

On January 12 a musical entertainment was given at Carnegie Hall, and plantation songs were sung and played by an orchestra of about 125 Negroes. The hall was not only filled, but by what is called the fashionable Negroes, to hear these plantation melodies. They paid from $2 to $10 to hear the concert.

What has brought about this change? Perhaps it is this: That the concert at Carnegie Hall was managed by white people, who have seen the value and richness of these plantation songs; and now that these white promoters have taken up the plantation songs, they have become immensely popular with the elite

## COOK AT EXPOSITION

Great success attended the Negro folk song singers of the Washington Conservatory of Music at the Emancipation Celebration, Sunday night. The singers were brought to the Exposition by the president, Mrs. Hannah Gibbs Marshall.

The chorus consisted of twenty-five selected voices, under the direction of Will Marion Cook and presented a program of Negro music that were for the most part compositions by Mr. Cook.

Rarely has New York heard a chorus with more beautiful tone and correct interpretations. The attractive characteristic qualities of our racial music was most artistically rendered.

Mr. Cook's well-established reputation as a genius and one of the most prominent composers of syncopated melodies was again verified by his masterly direction and training.

The hits of the evening were the choruses, "Oh, Tes and I am Troubled in Mind."

Miss Abbie Mitchell, as soloist, was at her best. Her voice, high and clear, above the chorus, reached every part of the vast auditorium.

The Pollmans Quintette assisted the chorus in the rendition of the famous

"Rain Song," which was received with storms of applause. The chorus: Sopranos, Miss Bagburn, Miss Mamie Simmons, Mrs. Henry L. Grant, Miss Estelle Collier, Miss Lillian Evans; Contraltos, Miss Lottie Wallace, Miss Annie Johnson, Miss Georgie Sheffy, Miss Wilkes, Miss Miriam Wormley; Tenors, Messrs James Cowan, Savoy, Henry Lawrent, Williams; Basses, Messrs. Scott Margo, Ernest Amos, Ralph Amos. Mr. Henry Lee Grant at the piano.

## PORTER NOW COMPOSER

### John Berry Has Given Up Shining Shoes and Is Now Writing Music and Stories With Success.

Special to THE NEW YORK AGE.

FRANKFORT, Ind., Oct. 29.—Porter in barber shop, poet, composer of a comic opera—describes John Berry, Frankfort, Ind., a Negro who for several months has been employed as a porter in a barber shop, but who now has developed into a composer and writer, and having quit his porter's job has gone to Muncie, Ind., and will devote all his time to writing music and stories.

During his spare time Berry composed the music for a song and wrote the words for it. After singing this song to the men in the shop, he became more ambitious and wrote the words and music for a comic opera. Then he wrote a short story.

All these productions were submitted to a publisher in Chicago, who accepted them for publication.

They sent Berry a check for $3,000 for the comic opera, $200 each for two sacred songs, and $67 for the story, making $3,467 received by Berry in payment for his compositions.

He is said to have considerable talent, and it is predicted that he will take a prominent place among the musicians of the Negro race.

## NEGROES PLANNING BIG MUSIC FESTIVAL

### Occasion Will Commemorate Semi-Centennial of Emancipation of Colored Race.

Great interest is being manifested amon gthe colored people over the forthcoming annual music festival to be held at the Auditorium July 3 and 4. Final arrangements have been made with all the singers who will take part in the celebration, which will be in commemoration of the semi-centennial of the emancipation of the colored race in the United States.

The very best talent afforded by the race throughout the country has been chosen from. Anita Patti Brown, who has proved so popular in the past in the festivals here, will sing again this year. A new singer, one never before heard in Atlanta, will be Roland B. Hayes, of Boston. He is said to be the finest tenor the race has ever produced and sings with wonderful popular effect. The famous Fisk Jubilee Singers, better than ever, have been secured again this year Professor J. W. Work, of Nashville, who will have charge of the two choruses, is already here and has begun the work of rehearsing, which takes place at the First Congregational church, colored, Monday, Tuesday and Friday nights.

The first night of the festival will be devoted to the pageant play of the progress of the race, "Up to Freedom," which proved so popular last year. Ten original scenes made expressly for this play will be shown, illustrating the progress of the race from the shores of Africa to the present. The second night will be given over to a grand concert, in which all the stars of the festival will take part. There will possibly be a matinee concert in the afternoon of the 4th of July composed entirely of negro melodies.

The proceeds of the entertainment go entirely for the support of the institutional work done by the First Congregational church, Rev. H. H. Proctor, pastor, which among other things operates a home for colored working girls, where all the facilities of a modern home are provided for 15 cents a day.

## AFRO-AMERICAN MUSIC

### A Reader Describes the Different Kinds of Song.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In regard to the Afro-Americans and our songs and music, I with to say that "Suwanee River" is no more characteristic of the negro than "Dixie" is typical of a Fiji Islander. "Old Black Joe" depicts the life of the negro because many of our folks believe in deathbed visions. "Poor Old Ned" is another favorite of ours, the first verse running thus:

Lay down de shubble and de hoe,
Hang up de fiddle and de bow;
Dar's no more work for poor old Ned—
He's gone whah de good niggahs go.

Most white folk seem to think that the banjo is a familiar instrument of black folk of the South. It is used mostly by what are known as the roustabouts. The men of this type usually wear felt hat with four creases, which indicates "Work I will not." He sings such songs as "Railroad Bill," while the banjo all but talks as he sings, and plays, "Can't Get er Letter from Down the Road." The jews'-harp is used by the cornfield gentleman of color. The guitar belongs largely to the better class of negro men.

Ethiopian damsels are somewhat like the Spanish maids—they like soft music and love songs. If you wish to hear plantation melodies with variations sung with natural harmony, go to the important cities and towns of the South and get in touch with those sons of Ham who go about serenading nights. Oftentimes when Miss Sallie and her suitor are sit-

ting on the piazza inhaling the fragrance of the honeysuckle in the stillness of the night as the moon sends down its soft gray light, they'll be surprised to hear a sudden sound of voices ring out on the big lawn: "Oh, darkies, won't you meet me there, where the moonlight seems to glitter?"

But if you wish to hear real, soul stirring songs, go among the camp meetings and hear them sing "Little David, Play on Your Harp.' This is the verse:

Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu! Hallelu!
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu!
"D" for little David, "G" for Goliah,
And "D" for little David, who slew Goliah.
Little David, play on your harp,
Hallelu!

HENRY ALLEN.

Stamford, Conn., July 21, 1913.

Your correspondent begs to acknowledge receipt of a beautiful ballad entitled "Tell Me," a gift from the composer, Mr. Ro L. Burtch, of Indianapolis, Ind., who has given to the world such signal successes as "The Organ and the Choir," "My Alabama Rose," "[illegible] Who Invented Work" [illegible] Bugle Calls" and many others of like merit. As a ballad st, sentimental or humorous, Mr. Burtch stands in a class by himself.

Hon. James W. Johnson's poem "Fifty Years Ago," published in the New York Times of January 1, has created a great stir among literary people throughout the country, because of its superior merit. The readers of The Age are familiar with the poem, as we reproduced it in the issue of January 9. Mr. Johnson has been in the United States Consular service for seven years. He is a graduate of Atlanta University and of law. He was long a co-worker with Cole and Johnson in the literary production of their great successes on the stage. He is young yet, with a splendid future before him. He was born in Florida but has resided in New York a great many years. Mr. Johnson has had published much of his work in the leading magazines, and after awhile we may have a collection of his lyrics in book form.

## FUNERAL OF J. P. MORGAN

## WILL TAKE PLACE MONDAY

### Arrangements Follow Instructions Written by Financier Before His Death

NEW YORK, April 10.—J. P. Morgan left written instructions as to how his funeral services should be conducted. In accordance with these instructions, simple ceremonies will be held over his body at St. George's Church of which he was senior warden, next Monday. They will consist of the Episcopal burial service without eulogistic address of any kind.

Mr. Morgan's body is expected to arrive here on the Steamship France Friday night and it will rest in the Morgan library adjoining his residence until the hour for its removal to the church. Only immediate relatives and the most intimate friends will be allowed to view it.

Following requests in the memorandum written by Mr. Morgan and left the Rev. Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's, the three bishops of the dioceses with which the financier was most closely associated in his religious activities, will conduct the ceremonies, assisted by the rector. The Bishops are the Right Reverends David H. Greer, of New York; William Lawrence, of Massachusetts, and Chauncey B. Brewster of Connecticut.

Three hymns selected by Mr. Morgan—"Asleep in Jesus," "Lead Kindly Light," and the recessional "For All the Saints Who From Their Labors Rest"—will be sung by the combined choirs of the church, and Harry Burleigh, a negro baritone of whose singing the financier [illegible] will render the solo "Calvary." The rest of the [illegible] include the usual burial chant from the thirty-ninth and ninetieth Psalms, the reading "of the lesson" from the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians and the recital of the creed and prayers.

In expectation that large crowds will assemble Mayor Gaynor has ordered details of police to guard the approaches to the church. The ceremonies are not expected to last more than three-quarters of an hour and immediately afterward the body will be taken to Hartford, Conn.

## TRUE NEGRO MUSIC

(BY LESTER A. WALTON)

It is interesting to observe what a marked difference of opinion exists between the New York *Evening Post* and the Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch* on the subject of what is true Negro music.

I have before me copies of both papers, and note that one makes a strong appeal for the Negro writers of to-day, and asks the public to give them support in developing a type of music which is yet in its infancy. The other publication, while as equally fervid as a champion of Negro music, makes the request that such ante-bellum songs as "Ole Dan Tucker" be perpetuated and put away in America's archives as the only Negro music bearing the genuine brand.

The New York *Evening Post* assumes an optimistic role and looks toward the distant future to the coming into its own of Negro music. The Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch* does not live in the days to be, but is pessimistic and sighs for the days gone by, when the slaves sang and made merry at corn-husking festivals and hog-killings.

The Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch* was prompted to write about Negro music after William H. Turpin, a negro-

...mitted the words to "Ole Aunt Kate" and "Old Dan Tucker," which follow:

Ole Aunt Kate
At the garden gate,
She sif de meal,
She gins me de hus,
She eat de bread,
She gins me de crus'
She fry de meat,
She gins me de skin,
Ole Aunt Kate mene as sin.

Ole Dan Tucker went to town,
To role a hogshead of 'lasses wodn;
De 'lasses wuk, de hogshead bus',
Ole Dan Tucker went off in a thundergus.

Ole Dan Tucker, he got drunk,
Fell in de fire, and kick up a chunk.
A red hot cole got in he shoe,
Take here boys, how de ashes flew.

In submitting the words Mr. Turpin stated that "the chant cannot be reproduced with pencil or painter's brush. It has a nasal song."

In an editorial on Negro Music the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch discusses the subject as follows:

It is a far cry from the travesties on Negro songs heard in modern minstrel songs or from "black face" comedians to the real Negro chants that still linger in Virginia. The first are tawdry and often vulgar imitations of an imaginary Negro voiced in dialect never heard outside of ragtime land. The true Negro melodies are sweet and simple, primitive in feeling and grow out of the soil. They have none of the smartness, sticky love-making or suggestiveness of the atrocious "coon" song. We are glad to print fragments of the real melodies, furnished by ex-Private W. H. Turpin in response to a query from "Tidewater" about the words and tunes of some ballads mentioned by Mr. Turpin in a previous eulogy of the joys of old-time Virginia hog-killing and corn-husking festivals.

"Old Aunt Kate, who fry de meat, an' gimme de skin, Ole Aunt Kate, mene as sin," as an authentic character. The concern with the primal necessity of food is true to life. The childlike reproach for being as "mene as sin" came from the heart of the race, and was not a cheap invention of a Broadway song-writer. The local color in "Ole Dan Tucker" could never be imagined. It had to be lived. The very figures of speech in such lines as,

"Ole Dan Tucker went to town,
To role a hogshead of 'lasses down,
De 'lasses wuk, de hogshead bus',
Old Dan Tucker went off in a thundergus,"

have a smack of truth about them that prove their sterling character.

It is to be hoped that students of ballad literature and folklore may be moved to collect and preserve these relics of a vanished civilization. As Mr. Turpin points out, some of these apparently local productions are survivals in America of very old English ballads in Missouri, a society has been formed to gather and keep such survivals. It is directed by the University of Missouri and has done much to foster an interest in literary origins. The lamented "Uncle Remus" used his genius to spread a love for such simple folk songs, but his specimens are from different ...

...sumia.

If these fragments, already only memories, among the generations that heard them, are not recorded now they will be utterly lost. It should be possible to get the words and even the tunes, although the latter are very difficult to reproduce in the ordinary musical notation. The songs of a people are ever interwoven with their very life, and the history of the Old South will never be completely written unless this flavor is preserved.

## NEGRO WRITERS WITH STERN. 5-22-13

M. 4, 22

Negro song writers are again coming into their own in the good graces of the music publishers. There has never been any question as to the popularity of their compositions with the public.

Jos. W. Stern & Co., music publishers, at 102 1-2 West Thirty-eighth street, stand in the forefront of those who are giving signal recognition to the Negro composers, and incidentally they are giving to the public the songs that are wanted. A list of the popular successes of the day always includes some of the products from a Negro's pen. In the latest list from this house are included compositions by Chris Smith, C. Lucky Roberts, Tim Brymn, Will Tyers, Will Marion Cook, J. Rosamond Johnson, Jas. M. Shaw and Jolly John Larkins.

J. Rosamond Johnson is represented by his latest song, "Take Me in Your Arms," a song which is the hit of Max Pemberton's new revue, "Come Over Here," now running at the London Opera House, London, England, in which Hart & Johnson are figuring prominently. Lucky Roberts, one of our youngest composers, but who promises to develop into one of our best, contributes several numbers, the leading one being his popular "Junk Man Rag." "Cruel Papa," a song by Will Marion Cook, and "When I want a Little Loving," by Jolly John Larkins, are favorites.

Chris Smith, whose compositions are prolific and popular, is employed by the firm in their professional department and will be glad to receive any of his friends at any time. His compositions are always popular and many of the "big hits" are written by him.

Stern & Co. will mail any of these compositions on receipt of 15 cents for each copy wanted, or $1 for seven ...ber.

## Harvey to Appear Here

Mr. W. J. Harvey, the Tennessee soloist and composer, will appear in Savannah soon. The date will be fixed later.

Mr. Harvey is a well known composer and his productions have made for him a national reputation. A few of his productions are now in the city in the hands of Miss Nettie Houston, Mrs. M. L. Horne and others.

Mr. Harvey comes highly recom...

...mended and to hear him will be a treat. Last week at the Mississippi State Fair he sang his "Mississippi" through invitation of the governor of the state and received a tremendous ovation. He will sing this production here together with his "Tennessee," a highly musical composition.

The occasion will be well worth the time and price. Aided by local talent, it is hoped that the affair will be both pleasant and profitable. Mr. Harvey will appear under the auspices of the "National Alliance of Railway Postal Clerks," a local branch of which exists in this city and of which the following are officers C. H. Anderson, president; M. L. Horne, treasurer; H. S. Chauncy, secretary.

## JACKSON MUSIC SCHOOL OPENS.

Wednesday evening, September 10, will mark the beginning of the fourth year of W. L. Jackson's music school, [illegible] Chicago, Ill. The school was established September 1, 1909, and has produced greater results than any school of its kind in three years.

Free monthly recitals by the pupils begin Wednesday evening, September 10, at the school, with a program of various instruments.

Soloists: Elmer Myers, clarinet; G. Jackson, violin; Joseph Ray, cornet; Horace Jordan, violin; Wm. Johnson, trombone; Henry Price, baritone. Free tickets at Jackson Music School, 3109 State street (second floor). W. L. Jackson, teacher and director; Mrs. W. L. Jackson, assistant teacher and accompanist.

## POET FENTON JOHNSON

J. J. 7-11-26-13

HAS JUST PUBLISHED NEW VOLUME "A LITTLE DREAMING"

## ADJUTANT ANDERSON ON A VACATION

Pays Visit to a West Michigan Resort—Miss Nannie Burroughs in the City—Tuskegee Band Draws 8,000 People—Woman's Aid Holds Meeting.

(By Cary B. Lewis.)

(Freeman Bureau, 3000 South State ...

...St., Phone, Douglass 3068.
Automatic 78-3068.

Chicago, Ill., June 23.

Special to The Freeman:

Chicago is now talking about Fenton Johnson, the poet laureate of the Negro race, whose volume of "A Little Dreaming" has just been published by the Peterson Company, a Chicago publishing house. Mr. Johnson who is only twenty-four years old is the protege of several literary leaders among the white Americans. Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, whose "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" set two continents ago, writing from Germany, attributes high literary power to the son of a downtrodden people. Mrs. Rice is a Southern novelist of the highest type, and her commendation is the greatesttribute any Negro has ever received.

Modeste Hannis Jordan, a New York poet and critic, an editor of the Magazine Maker, not knowing Johnson's race, writes, "I will say at once you have the singing gift." In another letter, after discovering his race, she writes: "Your book will create a new order of things among your people."

Mrs. Josephine Turck Baker, editor of Correct English and author of several books and plays, by accident last summer discovered Johnson's genius. The youthful dreamer appealed to her as the ...est; so with the large heart granted her by nature she come to his rescue. It was through her "A Little Dreamer" was published.

"Gift Of Love To Me," would place him among the greatest bards of the age. There is a simplicity and a grandeur in the lines that elevate and stir the human heart. But Johnson does not rest entirely upon "Gift O' Love to Me," for such lyrics as "The Mallato's Song," "To an Afro-American Maiden," "My Love" (reprinted from the Crisis) and others; he strikes a radical note that has never been reached in the history of poetry. He elevates our women to a loftier position than any other black or white has ever placed them.

Johnson's melody has been praised by critics and unite in pronouncing it marvelous.

"The Gleeman's Melody," "Alone," and "Dreams of a Whisper" stand out for their haunting music. He does not confine his melody to pure English, but carries it into a dialect work. "In De Beulehlam" has all the notes of the sorrow songs and the delicate characterization of a Lowell. "He is the first master of Negro dialect," says one, and since Dunbar.

One of the mast striking criticisms of the literary Negro is that he has never whitten a poem of sustained length. Johnson shatters this criticism. In fifteen pages he gives us a beautiful Hebrew idyll, "The Vision of Lazarus." It has beautiful passages such as Tennyson. No wonder Miss Jordan says that "A Little Dreaming" will mark a new epoch in the history of the race. She has struck the keynote of Johnson's power. He is a singer of culture, sympathy and humanitarianism.

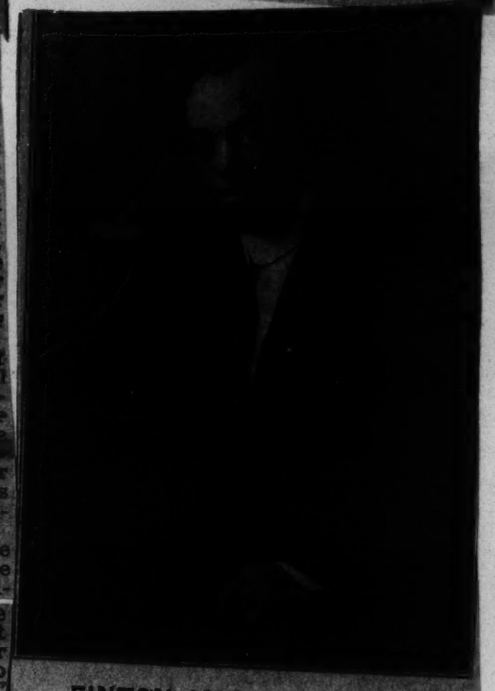
The first edition is already osld. It was exhausted before the date of publication. Mr. Johnson's literary sponsers combined and secured copies for their friends and acquaintances. The second edition is going very rapidly. One Chicago dealer informs us he can not keep enough on stock, the demand is so great. One reason is that the publishers have reduced it to cost price and will sell it for 75 cents. The other reason is the powerful literary merit of the man destined to be our most celebrated poet.

The publishers inform us that Mr. Johnson will make a tour of the South and East next season, reading selections from his work. Already several Chautaukua circuits are bidding for his services. The Freeman readers can now have an opportunity of reading a book of real merit. You will find "A Little Dreaming" your own bookstore of the central distribution office, 3522 South State Street, uite 5, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Johnson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. ...

...ph Johnson, 1328 Vernon Ave.

We are allowed to quote one selection from "When I Die":

"When I die my song shall be
Crooning of the summer breeze
When I die my shroud shall be
Leaves plucked from the maple tree;
On a couch as green as grass,
And a bed as soft as down
I shall sleep and dream my dream
Of a poet's laurel crown."



FINTON JOHNSON, POET.

## Secretary Scott Praises Book

We are in receipt of the following letter from Mr. Emmett J. Scott, Secretary to Principal Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee Institute:

November 8, 1913.

Mr. W. L. Porter,
East Tennessee News,
Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Porter:—I have just seen a copy of the publication, "The Negro and East Tennessee," printed by your publishing firm, and I want to congratulate you and Mr. Beard most heartily upon so splendid a compilation. The insight this publication gives as to Negro progress in Knoxville and that immediate section is most encouraging.

With all good wishes,
I am yours very truly,
EMMETT J. SCOTT.

Music Poetry and Art - 1913

TRUE ROMANCE OF UNCLE TUT.

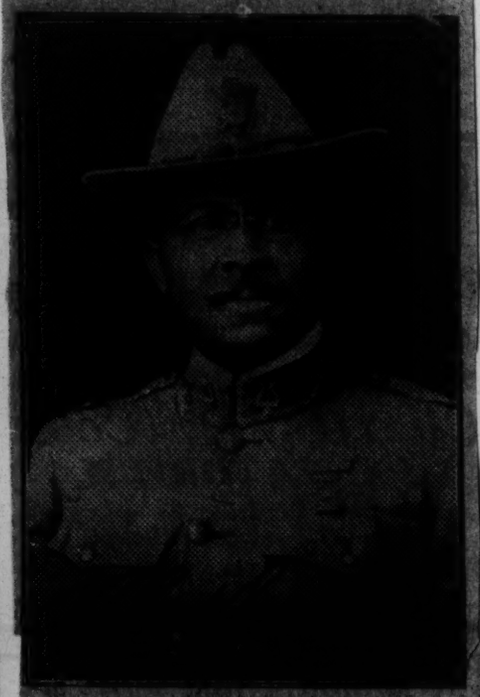
Capt. N. Clark Smith, of Tuskegee, Publishes Plantation Song Cycle.

Let a man pick up gold in Alaska, in Australia, in the Transvaal, if it be gold the whole world will take it at the value of gold. In the artistic world standards of value are no less tangible. Let a man find a real human interest story in Bear county, Oklahoma, if it be real it is literature just as much as an incident at Kensington palace may be literary. Let a man observe real literary value in the daily routine life of a humble Negro family in Georgia and it is golden if he really gathers up the literary value out of the drama.

This is exactly what Capt. N. Clark Smith of this city has done in publishing through the Tuskegee Institute a "Plantation Song Cycle," a group of songs telling of the struggles of the Negro family th live in concert.

The different songs, arranged for a baritone voice with full orchestra, tells this touching story just as the various acts of a drama tell a story. The old man was an honest, industrious, faithful ex-slave and loved his children so well that he did not want to leave home. But the mother also wishing them well, persuaded the father to send them off to the North for an education. Like many other thoughtless, fickle young people, after the gay city gave them new interests in life, they forgot the old folks down South and ceased to write. The poor old mammy grew weary, sick and died brokenhearted.

The first song, "A Dreamin'," is the old man's narrative, the second, "Rose,"



CAPT. N. CLARK SMITH.

recalls the time when his favorite child was the belle of the neighborhood, and the last song, a lullaby, "Bye o' Bab'um," suggests the old mammy's devotion and care of the children after working hard all day in the field.

Captain Smith is bandmaster at the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, but frequently is in Wichita furthering the work of the Y. M. C. A. branch for colored boys. That he has "rung the bell" with his latest publication is proven by an offer from one of the biggest publishers of music in America, asking for the privilege of paying him royalty on this new "Plantation Song Cycle."—The Eagle, Wichita, Kan.

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Negro's particular preserves, was used to open the new session of the British Parliament in London. "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Hitchy-Koo," and "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," were the airs that caught the crowd, and also which got the goat of the anti-Negro element of the "dicties." Into every phase of life, national and international, the Negro manages to figure somehow.

* * *

Now that the "[illegible]

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MESSRS. BURKES & ARBUCKLE COMpany, music publishers, 49 Sterling Street, Boston, Massachusetts, have recently published a number of very lively musical hits, the latest of which are "My Home Is Down in Dixie Where the Cotton Grows," a Southern melody of rich harmony, and also "Dreamland Waltz," which has just come from the press and is being sold for twenty cents per copy. Messrs. Burkes & Arbuckle Company are the only colored musical publishers, we believe, in New England.

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Grand opera singers are taking to Southern dialect songs. Signor Amato the leading baritone singer of the Metropolitan Opera Company, has become infatuated with a song written by J. Rosamond Johnson and James W. Johnson, entitled, "Since You Went Away."

The *Musical America* has the following to say about the composition:

"Good Southern dialect songs are still scarce these days and it is pleasant to note that an unusually fine one has recently been put forward by G. Ricordi & Co. It is "Since You Went Away," the music by J. Rosamond Johnson. Mr. Johnson's name is known to many, as he is to-day one of the ablest of American Negro musicians. The poem was written by his brother, James W. Johnson, ex-U. S. Consul to Nicaragua and recently appointed U. S. Consul to the Azores.

"Unlike the usual Negro song it is not a love song, as the title would seem to indicate. It is a little poem, written by James W. Johnson shortly after the death of his father. J. Rosamond Johnson put his feelings in music to the tender little poem of his brother. There is an unspeakable charm about this song, a charm which is so insistent that it has won the favor of the noted Italian baritone of the Metropolitan, Pasquale Amato, who says that he enjoys singing it. He has already sung it at a Sunday night concert at the Metropolitan and will sing it again with orchestra there this season. It has been encored as often as three times at a Bagby musicale and at a fashionable musicale at Colonel Mehan's when Mr. Amato had a thrilling success with it.

Mr. Johnson is one of the few Negroes who has enjoyed a good musical training. His teachers were William H. Dunham and Charles Dennee at the New England Conservatory in Boston and his work shows care in writing. The voice part is suavely refined and the syncopation in the accompaniment on the final page is a touch that adds to the general effect and also shows its composer's feeling for the fitting.

"It is to be included in the repertoire of Olive Fredstad, Mary Garden, Marie Cavan, George Hamlin and John McCormack."

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NEGRO MUSIC.

(BY LESTER A. WALTON.)

A MOVEMENT is on foot to organize a Negro Choral Society in Greater New York in connection with the Musical School Settlement for Colored People, and a determined effort will be made by prominent white musicians to carry the project to a successful issue. Will Marion Cook and Harry Burleigh have been prevailed upon to do pioneer work in getting the choral society together, and they have enthusiastically entered upon their duties. On February 11 the choral society will make its initial appearance at Carnegie Hall.

Every effort in the past to organize a choral society in New York has been non-productive and futile. The reason advanced for this decided lack of interest in choral societies is that whenever you talk to the average colored person about Negro music he assumes that you want him to exclusively sing either ragtime or primitive spirituals, better known as jubilee songs. The erroneous impression seems to exist that to give attention to Negro music you must necessarily stop singing the best things in musical literature.

Will Marion Cook, who has given years of study to Negro music, says that it is discouraging to note what little value colored Americans place on Negro music, and expresses fear that members of the race will not wake up to the great possibilities our music and legends offer for development until white Americans publicly and unreservedly voice their appreciation.

"The Negro writer and composer must have the inspiration that can only come from the encouragement of his own people," is the opinion of Mr. Cook, who also declares that "inspiration must come from within." When the Negro population shall have awakened to the great beauty of its own legends, stories and melodies, then it shall consider these a proud heritage to be cherished and developed. Then and only then will there come a school of Negro writers and composers who will build from these simple stories and themes imperishable works of art.

Will Marion Cook further says: "The world concedes to the Negro a musical voice and a sensitive ear for music. All over the country there should be choral unions established for the study of the works of the masters, for we can only learn to understand and [illegible] der what is good of our own studying and rendering the best of the masters."

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The contention raised by Will Marion Cook that colored Americans should evince a more appreciable interest in Negro legends and mu[illegible] is timely, uncontradictable and a [illegible]tment that should occasiou[illegible] awakening among a certain [illegible] f colored musicians. The modern tendency among our people seems to be to get far away as possible from things characteristically Negro. To look and act like white people appears to be the absorbing ambiton of many. Ignorance, illiteracy, coarseness and poverty are conditions, not racial characteristics, and must not be associated with any particular race, and no one should be criticised for aspiring to possess education, wealth and culture, for these things are not restricted to persons on account of the color of their skin. But in our rush pell-mell "to act just like white folks," we very often copy their weaknesses, which are always more glaring and apparent, and pay less attention to their virtues.

When we possess more race consciousness we shall have more Negro choral societies and other distinctive racial organizations. The Indian cannot be accused of contributing melodious compositions to the world, yet he is proud of his songs and legends. To the beating of the tom tom and to music which sounds to us more like discord, the red man indulges in his war dance which inspires him to go fearlessly to battle. And the Indian is respected. The Japanese and Chinese also have their own distinctive style of music and are not ashamed of it.

It is significant that the Germans boast of their choral societies as do the Italians, French and other races. To show appreciation for your own music does not preclude a race from studying and admiring the music of the masters of other races.

It would not be surprising if in the days to be America gained a high place in the musical world through Negro music. To-day this country has little to exult over as a worthy contributor to musical literature. When we attend the opera we sit and listen to the works of German, Italian or French writers; and our most ambitious attempt to produce an American grand opera—"The Girl from the Golden West"—the music of which was written by a foreigner, cannot be classed as an unquestioned success.

Maybe David Mannes, Kurt Schindler and other white musicians of high standing possess the same perspective as Harry Burleigh, Will Marion Cook and a few other colored musicians, and sincerely believe that some day Negro music will come into its own and make agreeable history for the race for America.

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Ethiopia Shall Stretch Forth Her Hands" is the title of the song that was written and will be published by Mr. James Mundy, to be sung February 12 at the Auditorium for the Emancipation celebration. The affair is under the direction of Mrs. Ida Wells-Barnett.

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MR. HARRISON AS POET AND WRITER OF DIALECT

The Journal Guide 12-20-13.

We are publishing this week in our Annual Trade Number, several poems from the pen of Attorney J. M. Harrison, a valuable member of our staff with several Press comments. They show the versatility of the author and the moods widely divergent. In his "Negro's Wail" he strikes boldly and his song is the response to the injustice of his people. "Fall Feelin" is suggestive of the melancholy autumn days in the Delaware Mountains, where he spent several years as a waiter while attending school at Howard University. His Christmas poem is a carol that carries with it the spirit of this season while his happy "Strek up a Chune Sandy" is characteristically Negro, and the dialect of his picture cannot but fail to be admired by those who know the Negroes' love for music, singing and dance.

...ng into which he skillfully blends them all. Besides being a poet of no mean ability, Mr. Harrison is the author of "Stray Thoughtlets;" being brief humorous comments on current topics. We believe he is the only man of color producing this class of literature, some of which we also publish.

## STRAY THOUGHTLETS

### THE SUFFRAGETTE PROTEST

"Yes," said Mrs. Pankhurst, the leader of the local Women's Equal Rights bunch as she removed her derby and mopped her brow "I am for Women's rights first, last and all time. Ever since they gave old Adam the merry ha ha in the garden, men have been trying to keep women in check. Why we hardly know what to do inorder to please them. Nowadays a poor woman is not allowed to break out windows and set fire to public buildings without being interfered with by the police. Why if we get arrested they deprive us of our inalienable right to starve ourselves to death and each day we see our rights being surely but slowly abridged. These are days that test the strength of our sex, and if this masculine usurpation of our power continues, the average woman will be afraid to yell for her favorite candidate or hurrah for "Peruna."

It's all right to play Santa Claus as long as you keep the false whiskers from catching fire.

The hen that lays every day these days is worth more than her weight in gold.

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"It has been said of Mr. Harrison, by competent critics, that in felicity of expression and in fidelity to Negro life he has very nearly approached, if not equaled Dunbar, in the few pieces that have so far come from his pen. He has written some little gems that should endure." From Stroudsburg, (Pa.,) Daily Times.

"James M. Harrison has written some good dialect verses and some of his dialect poems like "Hush Mah Piccaninny" have the right title and music of the plantation." The New York Age.

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A number of Mr. Harrison' poems follow:

## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

This aint no time to act so glum,
Help the children beat the drum.
Blow a horn and wear a smile
Be a child agin this while!

This aint no time to act so blue,
Go and search the stockings thru;
Act just like the smaller boy.
Sing and play again with toys.

This aint no time to think of care
Light your pathway with a cheer,
Think of all the good you'll do
With one good honest, "howdy do"?

This aint no time to mope along,
Chase the sorrows, sing a song.
Join the glad bells in their chime
Have the joys of Christmas time.

This aint no time to act so sad
Now's the time the world is glad
Over the mountain, thru the vale
Repeating th old sweet tale.

12—2—15.

This aint no time to act so glum
Help the children beat the drum;
Blow a horn and wear a smile—
Be a child again this while.

## STREK UP A CHUNE SAND

Ketch dat banjo f'om de wall,
Strek up a chune dar Sandy,
Dis yer wedder feels lak fall,
An' sing a song dar Mandy.
Call de chillun by de fiah
So dey kin jine in de chrior,
Come an fetch dat music ni'er—
Strek up a chune dar Sandy.

Chune fer me dat "Old Black Joe,
An' play hit sof'ly Sandy;
An' whar de Swuan nie riber flow
Yo' hep me out dar Mandy.
Dem chunes mek me young a'gin,
Dancin' by dem aint no sin,
Jes cut up an' jine right in—
Strek up a chune dar Sandy.

Dese old songs dribe 'way de cares
Strek up a chune dar Sandy;
Aint seed her dance lak dat fo' years
Now aint yo' scanlous Mandy
Gee, yo' kin mek dat banjo ring,
Talks jes lek some libbin' t'ing
Ah must cut one pig'in whing—
Strekup a chune dar Sandy.

## THE NEGRO'S WAIL

The child of Afric's sunny land
Appeals in direst need;
To Thee O God, the Son of man
Who knows no race nor creed.
For Justice Lord, and sympathy,
In this land of liberty.

His blood has bathed the nation's plains
For all these bitter years.
The Egypt of his woes and pains—
His misery and his tears.
Loyal still, half-slave half-free
In this land of liberty.

The rights which every man is due,
Abridged and more denied.
No future hope his thoughts imbue
For those he trusted lied.
For him there seems no equity,
In this land of liberty.

No truer subject 'neath the stars
Than this poor child of woe;
True alike in peace and wars,
Christ-like, forgiving foe.
Clouds loom up e'er constantly—
In this land of liberty.

Shall he still hope for better days
To right his cruel wrong?
No hope he sees but ever prays
And wonders Lord how long,
Ere they shall treat him christianly—
In this land of liberty.

## FALL FEELIN'

Acorns drappin' on de groun'
Fom de old oak trees;
Chipmonks friskin' all aroun'
Nachur' pears at ease.

Robins all done gone away,
Leabes am kinder gold;
Brook is in no laffin' way—
Mawnin's sharp an' cold.

Bullfrog's echo sorter sad
Out dar in de lake;
Kaint tell w'y Ah aint glad
Foh mah whole life's sake.

Stars am shinin' bery bright,
Nights am gittin' long;
Crickits singin' froo de night
Am 'bout de onliest song.

Golden ricters in de wes'
Sun jes goin' down.
Night brings de sweetes' res'
Grass dress'd up in brown.

An' wid Cal'ine by mah side,
Ah aint glad a'tall.
'Spose mah feelins orter hide-
Kase dis am de Fall!

Mme. Marie Selika, teacher of voice culture at Settlement school, 202 West 53d Street, Tuesday and Friday nights, Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Branch office, 2269 West 24th Street, Tuesday —and Thursday afternoon. Private lessons at dwelling, 211 West 134th Street.—Mar. 17—6 mo.

JOHNSON'S NEW NOVEL

Date ?

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE DREAMING" RECOMES MORE POPULAR

9-23-13

PHYLLIS WHEATLEY CLUB GIVES DANCE

Madam Matha B. Anderson Gives Recital at Bethesda Baptist Church—Patti Brown Sings at Education Meeting—Dr. D. A. Bethea Here.

(By Cary B. Lewis.)

(Freeman Bureau, 3000 South State St. Phone, Douglass 2058. Automatic 75-233.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 10 (Special).—Recognition has come from a new source to Fenton Johnson, the author of "Little Dreaming." S. E. Kiser, the distinguished poet of everyday life, who is a special contributor to the Chicago Record-Herald, leading daily, published in that newspaper on Monday morning a six-line poem by Fenton Johnson, entitled "The Dying Rose." Mr. Kiser pronounces "The Dying Rose" one of the most beautiful contemporary poems that he has ever seen.

A "Little Dreaming" is becoming more popular every day since the last notice in The Indianapolis Freeman. It has been endorsed by both the State and City Federations of Colored Wommenmm, and has been admitted to the shelves of the Chicago public library. The city labrarian states that it is the most popular book of contemporary verse on his shelves. At a recent social affair, Mrs. David Manson presented a copy to Mrs. Lottie Meridith Cooper, of New York. Three State street book stores were sold out Labor Day and are unable to supply the demand.

"Lew" (Egbert A Martin) of Demerara British Guiana. Poet b 1861 d 1890

Wrote the additional verses for the British National Anthem. London "Truth" offered a prize for three more verses. Poetical works post. 1883. "Poems" in London: Local Lyrics post. at home

The American Review of Reviews published on page 116 of its issue for January an appreciative notice of the poetry of Mr. Fenton Johnson, a young Negro of Chicago. He has recently published a little volume of poems entitled "A Little Dreaming," which shows a true poetic gift. Mr. Johnson was born in Chicago in 1888 and educated in that city and in the Northwestern University. His work is said to show the same distinguishing racial qualities as gave so abiding a charm to Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Ira Aldridge
The Af. Times & Orient Review
Nov-Dec. 1913
197 ff.
Miss Ira Aldridge (Montague Ring)
Miss Luradah Aldridge

Music, Poetry and Art ~ 1913.

On the occasion of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's first visit to America I had the honor of playing with him for the first time in America his "African Dances" and then was formed a friendship that lasted up till the time of his death. During my two years' study in London it was my great privilege to be his pupil in theory and to play in the famous String Players' Club of which he was then the Conductor. As Landon Ronald, the famous English conductor, says in the London *Daily Telegraph* of September 3, "Mr. Coleridge-Taylor was inevery sense a gentleman and was ever ready to give a helping hand, and had a kindly word for everybody. He was one of the most modest men it has been my lot to meet." And so it was I knew him. In his home he was always the devoted husband and father. How well I remember many delightful walks we had about both London and Croydon, where he lived. Only a few weeks ago I received a long letter from him telling of his new works and of what he had accomplished during the past season and how he was looking forward to his early autumn work.

As both friend and teacher I found him a man of great personality and one who out of the goodness of his heart was ever ready with encouraging words and helpful suggestions. He had a keen sense of humor and always enjoyed a good story. Those who knew him best will never forget his cheery smile and affable manner. It was indeed a blessing to know him and count him as a friend.

Coleridge-Taylor will live as long as there is a boy or girl with Negro blood in his or her veins who has the "spirit of song" in his or her heart, and his life and achievements will be a beacon light to all who have the ambition to go on and accomplish great things in the art in which he was such a glorious star.

Memphis Advr. 3-16-12

## MANGLING OF DIALECT

Nashville Banner.

Have you read a magazine this month, or last, and failed to find a new abomination in negro dialect? It is a matter for constant wonder that the perversion should continue with such persistence and in such abundance. Why must every writer try his hand at dialect?

There is, to many writers, a fascination about writing of things concerning which they know nothing. Many who have never come in direct contact with the negro, never known the dialect at first hand, have assumed to write it. They fall into many errors, but we may dismiss them with the reflection that they did not know. Possibly they deserve condemnation, but they are not the worst offenders. Men and women who were crooned to sleep by black mammies who played with Sambo and went fishing with Abner, have been guilty of hideous mangling of the dialect. In fact, instead of writing what they have heard, they reproduce the perverted stuff they have read.

Perhaps these lacked, merely, the particular quality of observation requisite for dialectic data gathering, yet they perpetrate frequently such utter absurdities as to render this theory nearly untenable. Think over all the negroes you have ever known and all the things you ever heard them say and answer whether or not any one of them ever used "am" for "is." If you have observed a little, you know already that the negro of the type that literature tries to show forth uses "is" for particularly all forms of the verb "to be." "Am" has no place in his vocabulary.

I's done lef' dat nigger." "Dey sholy is no 'count whi' folks." "Is you gwine to school, honey?" That is what an old type negro says in real life. When he gets into a book or story he says "I am," "you am," "dey am." And, in the book, he always says "hab" and "tub" for "have" and "love," when no negro ever yet substituted a "b" for a "v" sound. And the man who has known him all his life writes him down thus impossibly. These are two of the most common errors, and errors that any 10-year-old school boy might avoid.

All of which amounts to just this: The average writer ought to leave negro dialect absolutely alone. It is an art that few have mastered, and in the application of which only two have succeeded in any large measure. Eliminate Joel Chandler Harris and Thomas Nelson Page, and all the rest of the negro dialect in American literature is not, in the aggregate, worth the white paper on which it is written. True, Irwin Russell wrote an almost perfect negro dialect. His "Christmas Night in the Quarters" was the revelation that made possible, in some sort, the work of Harris and Page. They might have succeeded without him, but to him must go the honor of being the first in the field. The period of his labor, however, was short, and he produced little—hardly enough to be, of itself, worth considering.

Back of Russell, every writer who had attempted negro dialect had floundered hopelessly. It was the one thing in which Poe, consummate artist that he was, utterly failed. "The Jupiter" of his "Gold Bug" talks as negro never talked since Sheba's queen brought gifts to mighty Solomon. If Poe had told what his negro said without undertaking to quote his negro's words, "The Gold Bug" would be wellnigh a perfect piece of work.

James Fennimore Cooper went as far afield in reproducing negro dialect as he did, but agreement of students now, in the delineation of Indian character. "Neb," in "Miles Wallingford" and "Afloat and Ashore"—books, by the way, that are superior in some particulars to the "Leather Stocking Tales" or "The Pilot"—is more of a monstrosity than Poe's "Jupiter." He talks no more like a negro than he does like a German just learning English.

Perhaps there was room for only two masters—Harris and Page. The former must always rank as preeminently the greatest in the field of negro dialect. He has preserved, almost in its entirety and in its full purity, the dialect of the great midland region of the South. Page has done the same for that of Virginia. They differ sometimes, but it is the difference of the dialects in the two sections, not inaccuracies of the writers. The negro of the Georgia uplands does not talk like the negro of the Virginia tide-water country. There is—or was—still another distinct dialect, that of the coast negroes further South—the speech known as gullah and differing essentially from all others. The negro of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys did not talk like any of the others. Perhaps, though, this was due to a mingling of the more Eastern dialects. The dialect, or, rather, patois, of the lower Louisiana negro need not be considered, since it is more French than English.

## IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

Ny. Age 3-29-12

TWO musical entertainments of more than ordinary import were given last week. On Thursday evening in Brooklyn, Mme. Selika, known far and wide as the race's most famous colorature singer, appeared before a small but critical audience at the residence of Mrs. F. Gale, 182 Penn street, while last Friday evening in Washington, D. C., the Washington Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Harry A. Williams, gave a concert before an appreciative audience at the Howard Theatre.

Although many years have elapsed since Mme. Selika made her debut as a singer in New York, her auditors were agreeably surprised to learn that her voice still retains some of its former vigor and sweetness, and that she is as much of a student of voice culture today as in days gone by when the press and public at home and abroad were proclaiming her one of the greatest singers of her time. Mme. Selika's phrasing is one of the many evidences showing that she studied for years under competent masters. With her knowledge of vocal culture she should prove a capital teacher.

The career of Mme. Selika should be an inspiration to all young and ambitious singers of the race who aspire to do serious work. When she was in the noonday of her career her color was forgotten and thousands of white music lovers both in America and Europe took delight in hearing her sing. Mme. Selika is said to have appeared to better advantage in classical music, but before she undertook serious work she put in years of study.

Appearing on the program with Mme. Selika were several buds of promise who gave sufficient evidence of talent to merit serious consideration. There was Miss Amanda Kemp, who will disappoint her friends if she does not some day become a finished reciter, while J. Frank Carmand, in his recitations, occasioned favorable attention with his retentive memory and voice of much power. Then there was Edward Hughes, a promising baritone, and Jacob Pease, a 'celloist, who showed no little technical dexterity. Mrs. Pauline Baxter was so pleasing in recitations that she was compelled to respond to several encores.

One of the most pleasing features of the recital was the appearance of Walter F. Craig, who some years ago retired as a violin soloist. In justice to Mr. Craig it must be said that he plays with more real musical feeling than many of those whom he presents at his Pre-Lenten recitals. It would not be a bad idea if Mr. Craig appeared on his Pre-Lenten recital as a violin soloist in the near future.

Melville Charlton was accompanist at Thursday evening's entertainment, which was conducted by W. A. White.

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The work of the singers at the Washington Conservatory of Music concert Friday evening called for genuine expressions of commendation. The chorus of twenty-five voices has been only organized about three months and already its efforts and the conducting of Mr. Williams have marked a new epoch in music developing in the capital city. The parts were nicely balanced, no part at any time being over-prominent. Every singer watched the director, each movement of whose beaten time was responded to with ease and certainty.

Every number on the program appealed to the patrons. Nevin's "Rosary" harmonized and arranged for chorus and orchestra by Mr. Williams, with Ernest Amos as soloist, was the most exquisite piece of work heard in Washington in many a day. One of the most difficult features to overcome in chorus work is the tendency to make climaxes fortissimo. In the "Rosary" the climaxes were beautiful because of their subdued form. In "Love's Dream After the Ball," the theme carried by 'cello, and strings and dainty acompanied by chorus, was very pleasing. The "Song of the Vikings" displayed effective unison chorus work and the quartet by Miss Rigoletto was finely presented by Miss Mamie Simmons, Miss Charlotte Wallace, Franklin Childs and Dr. Sumner Wormley.

The solos were artistically rendered, Mr. Childs, tenor, singing Tosti's "My Dreams" well. Dr. Wormley's rich voice was heard at its best in the "Toreador" song from 'Carmen," and Miss Wallace's glorious contralto surpassed former efforts in the cavatina from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba."

The Colridge Taylor trio did some fine playing in Rossini's "William Tell," and Henry Lee Grant, accompanying, was just what accompanying should be. The piece de resistance of a very fine program was the sextet from "Lucia," sung by Miss Simmons, Miss Wallace, Messrs. Childs, Stanton-Wormley, Amos and Dr. Wormley, with orchestra and chorus.

Three character dancers, staged by Miss Theresa Lee, supplemented the program. The Spanish dance by little Baleta Douglass and Dorothy Craft being especially well done. Those taking part were Misses Ruth Welborn, Baleta Douglass, Dorothy Craft, Josephine Hughs, Lillian Murdock, Phyllis Terrell, Ruth Gordon, Pearle Brown, Kittie Nolle, Algernon Pryor, Jewel Jennifer, Iona Odell, Katie Smith, Mary Terrell, Grace Gibbs, Ruby Holland, Orville Stevens, Isadore Blagburn, Masters M. Curtiss, Holland, A. Scott, E. Davison, R. Douglass, E. Highman and J. Stewart.

## NEGRO'S CONTRIBUTION TO MUSIC OF AMERICA

Age 4-10-13

(From the Craftsman.)

Our children dance, our people sing, even our soldiers march to ragtime, which is fast becoming a national "Pied Piper" to whose rhythm the whole country moves. This bizarre and fascinating music with its hide-and-seek of accent has not only swept over the United States, but it has also captured Europe, where it is rightly known as "American Music," and is taken quite seriously as typical of this country. In New York, where the commercial and mechanical instinct pervades all things, popular songs are regularly manufactured on stereotyped ragtime pattern and turned out on Broadway till the type is becoming so conventionalized that the refrain of a "best-seller" of a few years back might aptly now be changed to "All tunes sound alike to me." Yet ragtime at its best has originality which at once attracts, and a rhythmic impulse that compels response. I remember when the great Russian conductor Safonoff heard it for the first time. The band at the hotel where he was staying had been playing serious music in his honor, when something more popular was requested by one of the other guests. With the first bars of ragtime the musician, who had paid scant attention before, began to listen curiously, then attentively, then enthusiastically. He rushed to the leader of the band. "But what is this? It is wonderful! So original, so interesting." The leader smilingly explained that it was the "real American music." "I shall score it for orchestra and play it in St. Petersburg!" declared the Russian, with real appreciation behind the humor of the suggestion.

Whence comes this music that now fairly runs in our veins? Though the origin of ragtime is a matter of discussion, no one can deny the influence of Negro musical characteristics upon our popular songs of the day.

Of course the syncopation which is the predominant feature of ragtime is to be found occasionally in all music. It occurs in Scotch and Irish folk-song, it is very prominent in Hungarian melodies, and it is an absolutely essential element in the songs of our North American Indians of many tribes. It is frequently found in the music of primitive people who associate song with bodily movement and rely upon variety of rhythm for diversity of musical effect. Any one who has studied Negro music in its different phases—dance-songs, cake-walks, laboring songs as well as the religious melodies—will certainly find ground for the assertion that what we specifically call rag time (the popular American song that is played, whistled, sung and danced to in the theatre, in our homes and on the street) received its first impulse from Negro songs. A remarkable volume entitled

It has been said that ragtime first appeared in our music halls about the time of the Chicago World's Fair and it is possible that the reiterated syncopation of the Oriental drumbeat which went echoing forth all over the country with the polygot songs and rhythms of the "Midway Plaisance" may have had some slight share in the evolution of popular music. But some authoritative colored men have traced the origin of the first ragtime melodies directly to the common working-songs and boisterous merrymaking of their own people; and in spite of white imitators and Broadway manufacturers of popular songs, no one can invent such attractive ragtime as that written by colored men (who are only just beginning to be adequately paid for their own ideas); also ignorant colored people sing and play this kind of music naturally and instinctively in a way peculiar to themselves, and difficult, at first, to the average American. All this would help to prove the Negro's influence, at least, on the music of this country.

Very different indeed from modern ragtime both musically and spiritually are the old folk-melodies of the plantation; yet many of these have also the rhythmic feature of syncopation—the short note falling on the even beat of the musical bar.

White musicians here and there have turned to these beautiful Negro folk-tunes for themes and inspiration. Though we took from the Negro greedily (and still applaud him as an "entertainer" in vaudeville and cabaret) yet few of us ever gave to the colored man any serious consideration of his talent or stopped to think that the music which white composers found worthy to be valued as a contribution to a future national "school" and whose themes they purposed to "develop" might be "developed" by Negro musicians if encouraged to study. * * * *

# CLEF CLUB

(Incorporated)

# MANHATTAN CASINO

# MAY 8

the grades of the public school system, but along with that goes just as much industrial training as can be crowded into the curriculum. The girls are taught sewing, cooking, laundry work, the hygienic care of the home, and simple nursing, while the boys receive training in agriculture, carpentry, and the necessity for sanitary conditions outside of the home.

In all conservation work, surely none can rank so great as the work which Martha S. Gielow has undertaken. For she is a conservator of the Anglo-Saxon child of the Appalachian mountains.

## Mrs. Martha S. Gielow

Mind Adv. # 3-10-12

By Scottie McKenzie Frasier

Martha S. Gielow, the author of "Mammy"s Reminiscences," "Old Plantation Days," etc., was Martha Sawyer, of Greensboro, Ala. Mrs. Gielow has won recognition in two continents for her wonderful interpretation of the Folk Lore of the Southland.

Mrs. Gielow not only stands preeminent as an artist of the negro dialect, but she has redeemed the Folk Lore of the Southern negro from the gross interpreters of the minstrel type. She never gives coon songs, or coon stories; but uses the dialect of the old plantation days, bringing back the spirit of the past and preserving the memory of the old mammy with her echoes of the South.

Mrs. Gielow's interpretation of the Southern Folk Lore is so perfect, that it is not surprising that when she gave "Blow Little Brezes" before Queen Victoria, Princess Christian said it was the most beautiful cradle song she had ever heard.

Mrs. Gielow was a pupil of Henry Gaines Hawn, President of the School of the Speech Arts of New York. After she had won international fame on the dramatic platform, she dedicated her talent to the uplift of the mountain people.

Her latest book, "Old Andy, the Moonshiner," is taken from facts and deals with the pathetic conditions of the mountain people. The absolute naturalness of the characters and scenes of this story proves that Mrs. Gielow is as skillful in her interpretation of the mountain people, as she is in that of the Southern Folk Lore.

Martha Gielow, when a girl, spent a year in the mountains and became so interested in the mountain people that she determined to wage a crusade in their interest. Years passed before she was able to go heart and soul into this work, but the spark of sympathy kindled when she was a girl, has now swelled into a flame of enthusiasm.

**She Heads Association.**

Martha S. Gielow is known as the founder of the Southern Industrial Educational Association, which was organized to promote industrial training of the impoverished, uneducated white children of the Southern mountains. The headquarters of the Association are in the Southern Building, Washington, D. C.; Maryland, New York, California, Virginia and Alabama, each have auxiliaries of this association. Of the Alabama Auxiliary, Mrs. Charles Henderson, of Troy, is Vice President; Mrs. Ray Rushton, of Montgomery, is Corresponding Secretary.

In the Southern Building at Washington, an exchange of mountain crafts is conducted. In the same building the association has a permanent exhibition of mountain crafts and industries.

Mrs. Gielow's very soul is in this work of uplifting the mountain people. She has great belief in their future. When we remember that Andrew Jackson and Stonewall Jackson were both products of the mountains, and that Abraham Lincoln was the son of one who came from the mountains, we are not surprised that Mrs. Gielow believes that only "Light" is needed that these may become the torch bearers of the future civilization.

The association stands for elementary book education, not going beyond

## S. Coleridge Taylor

The Weekly Review

9-1-12

Matinee Musicale

Under the title "A Negro Composer," the Philadelphia Public Ledger pays the following tribute to S. Coleridge Taylor whose untimely death is mourned universally by the musical world.

"Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the composer, who died in London on Sunday last, exemplified the genius of the African race in music. He was the son of a Negro physician of Sierra Leone and an English woman. At the age of 6 in (1881) he began the study of the violin. At 16 he entered the Royal College of Music and became a pupil of Villiers Stanford. His many opus numbers included a symphony, a nonet and various other works of chamber music, a cantata with Hiawatha for its epic hero; an oratorio, the musical settings of Stephen Phillips' "Herod," "Ulysses" and "Nero."

Coleridge-Taylor paid several visits to the United States in 1904, 1906 and, finally, in 1910, when he conducted one of his orchestral works at the festival in Norwalk Conn.

Coleridge Taylor's compositions were marked by variety and vigorous originality, by tenderness of feeling and by poetic imagination. They had something of the plaintive, wistful quality of plantation song. It will be remembered that when Dvorak sought for typical American music as thematic material he discovered it only among the Southern Negroes, and the melodies of his "New World Symphony" are idealized forms of such songs as one might hear to-day in the rice fields of South Carolina.

Coleridge-Taylor was to modern music what our American Negro poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar was to literature. His genius was not of the very highest order but it was of elevated rand. He never set his pen to an ignoble or unworthy score. The world of melody is impoverished by the premature termination of the labors of one who represented by far the best achievement of his race in his chosen field of endeavor."

Music, Poetry and Art — 1913

# SPECTACULAR EFFECTS WILL MARK NEGRO MUSIC FESTIVAL

Atlanta Constitution

The Atlanta Colored Music Festival Association has just closed a contract with the Southern Scenic Painting company to illustrate their passion play, "Up to Freedom," to be given at the Auditorium Thursday night, August 15, with nine original scenes. These scenes will depict the steps in the progress of the colored race from paganism to freedom, and will be as follows: "An African Village," "An African Coast, with a Dutch Slave Ship at Anchor," "The Slave Ship in Mid-ocean," "A Slave Market," "A Plantation," "A Battle Scene," "A Home Scene," "The Campus of the Atlanta University" and "A Model Church."

In addition to the scenery there will be the posing of living figures to give reality to the scenes. On both scenery and figure spot and flood light will be thrown. Each scene will be illustrated with original negro music. Anita Patti Brown, the coloratura soprano of Chicago, will be the star of the cantata and will be heard in "Suwanee River," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and other popular airs. The Fisk Jubilee Singers will sing in a number of the scenes and will be particularly effective in the plantation scene, amid the surroundings where these negro melodies originated. An orchestra will play, using selections built upon negro songs by N. Clark Smith, of Tuskegee. In the closing scene, "A Model Church," the chimes will ring, the chorus of 100 voices will enter singing a processional and will render Coleridge Taylor's well-known composition, "By the Waters of Babylon." Taylor is a negro composer of England. Professor B. G. Brawley, of Washington, D. C., will furnish an introductory ode.

This production comes opportunely in anticipation of the semi-centennial celebration of the emancipation of the negro in America. The association is sparing no expense to make this scenic production complete and effective and great interest is already aroused in it among the colored people of the city and state. Other features of the festival will consist of an organ recital and a grand concert.

## THE CLEF CLUB CONCERT

WITH fresh laurels and enjoying a much larger reputation as a representative musical organization than when heard last fall, the Clef Club Symphony Orchestra gave its fifth concert at Manhattan Casino Thursday evening before an audience that tested the seating capacity of the spacious structure. Somehow the large attendance seemed to suggest that the citizens were welcoming the Clef Club members after their recent triumph at Carnegie Hall. 5-30-13

New York City

Under the direction of James Reese Europe, who was assisted by William H. Tyers, the Clef Club Symphony Orchestra gave a capable performance presenting a program similar to the one given at Carnegie Hall. It would be impossible to speak other than enthusiastically of the work of this talented aggregation of musicians and singers which surely will attract general attention by reason of meritorious work and uniqueness of instrumentation.

The information that William Hammerstein, manager of Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre, is negotiating to put the organization under his management and tour the country is a piece of good news, and it is hoped that the deal will be consummated. It would mean much to the Negro in the world of music.

As was the case at Carnegie Hall, the numbers most liberally applauded Thursday evening were the "Rain Song" and "Swing Along" with chorus. The public has shown in no uncertain terms that it relishes such numbers, and it would be a wise move on the part of the club to render in the future more selections in which the voices and instruments form such a delightful combination.

The program presented by the Clef Club Symphony Orchestra follows:

Clef Club March—James Reese Europe
Clef Club Chant written by Creamer and Europe.
"Dance of the Marionettes,"
Composed by Hugh Woolford and Wm. H. Tyers.
(a) "Tout a Vous" (Wholly Yours), Valse Petite
(b) "Panama," Characteristic Dance
Composed by Wm. H. Tyers.
"Rain Song" (From Bandanna Land),
Composed by Alex. Rogers and Will Marion Cook—Rendered by the Clef Club Chorus.
On Bended Knees, Religioso,
Composed by Harry Burleigh. Played by the Clef Club Symphony Orchestra.
"Hula" Dance, Hawaiian,
James Reese Europe
"Lorraine Waltzes"
James Reese Europe.
"Swing Along," Clef Club Chorus
Poem by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, melody by Will Marion Cook.
"The Strength of the Nation,"
James Reese Europe.
"The Star Spangled Banner," Clef Club.

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There are times when I am forced to form the opinion that the Clef Club does not regard itself as seriously as its many patrons and well-wishers. Against my will I found myself in such a state of mind Thursday evening when "The Lost Ticket," styled as "a farce in two acts and two scenes," was produced in conjunction with the concert of the orchestra. No mistake was made in calling "The Lost Ticket" a farce, and it is devoutly hoped that "The Lost Ticket" will not be found by the time the Clef Club gives its next entertainment.

The good intentions and ability of the writers and actors of the farce are not put in question for one moment, but after all, those who patronize the Clef Club entertainments are entitled to some respectful consideration on a warm evening. "The Lost Ticket" may be worthy of presentation at the Metropolitan Opera House, but to produce it alternately on the program with the instrumental numbers was an injustice to both. Mr. Christopher Columbus, who was some more discoverer, could not have done the ticket finding stunt and made the farce a success Thursday evening, as it was produced in a too disconnected manner.

Those in the audience who were unable to learn what the play was about soon reached the conclusion that something was lost, as the members of the cast were on the stage one-third of the time and running about the Casino the other two-thirds. Then the performers, attired in Chinese costumes, did the "Eagle Rock" and "Get Over, Sal" on the floor, finally returning to the stage, where the performance was finished by an exhibition of eccentric dancing, some of which was good.

It is a difficult matter for the Clef Club to give a first class symphony concert and a musical comedy or a vaudeville show on the same evening. The sooner the members come to this conclusion the better. The organization has made a hit with the public because of the excellence of the entertainment furnished by the symphony orchestra and nothing else. Plenty of opportunity will be given those who sing but who do not play instruments. "Swing Along" and the "Rain Song" have shown this. As for comedy, the Clef Club will never make a national reputation producing funny plays. The public regards it as a first class musical organization.

To date the success of the Clef Club has been in the willingness of each and every member to work in harmony and to hold in high esteem the heads of the organization. All petty differences have been put aside, and the members have worked earnestly and zealously, with the result that the club is beginning to attract general attention. There is but one way in which additional progress can be made if the members desire to see the Clef Club attain an enviable position in the realm of music, and that is by a continuance of hard work, co-operation and by showing marked respect for the superior officers.

# OUR MUSICAL ACHIEVEMENTS

Minneapolis 1/23/12

## Evidences of the Ability of Colored Composers.

## INSPIRATION TO THE YOUNG.

**Encouraging Signs of Promise For the Future of the Race In the World of Music — Over Threescore Compositions Written by a Colored Bandmaster.**

By JOHN E. BRUCE (GRIT).

Everybody who has taken the trouble to investigate the matter knows that one of the most beautiful songs ever written, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," was composed by a wandering Negro street minstrel, George Millburn of Philadelphia, over fifty years ago. It was set to music by a white man, Septimus Winner, who got all the credit for it and whatever financial profit there was in it. Milburn got something like a dozen copies of the song after it was published, and many people told him he was a genius.

But Milburn was not the only Negro in Philadelphia who could compose sweet tunes. He was, perhaps, the only one among his brethren in the musical firmament who could not write a musical score. Of those who could give full expression to their ideas as composers of music may be mentioned James Hemmenway, who wrote a sentimental song entitled, "That Rest So Sweet Like Bliss Above," which attained wide popularity in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

It was published in Atkinson's Casket, a musical journal, to which he was a contributor in October, 1829. Mr. Hemmenway wrote also "The Philadelphia Grand Entree March," "Washington Gray's Grand March," "Washington Gray's Bugle Call" and "Hunter and Hop Waltzes," which were published by Willig, and the "Philadelphia Hop Waltz," published by Lee & Walker.

Another Philadelphian, A. J. Conner, wrote and dedicated to Miss Matilda Cornish, a popular and prominent young lady of color, a song entitled "My Cherished Hopes, My Fondest Dreams," which was published in the Anglo-African Magazine in January, 1857. He also wrote the "Evergreen Polka," published by Oliver Ditson in Boston, 1859; "American Polka Quadrilles," 1846; "New York Polka Waltz," published by A. Fiot in Philadelphia, 1846; "General Taylor's Galop," published by J. G. Osborn, 1846; "Philadelphia Polka Waltz;" "I. O. of O. F. Quadrille," published by Lee & Walker, 1846; "Chestnut Street Promenade Quadrille," published by S. T. Gordon, New York, 1850.

Robert Murray of Baltimore wrote the "Furioso Galop," published by Boswell & Bartlett, and the "Tedesco Polka," published by George Willig. I have not been able to fix the dates of these publications, however. J. W. Postlewaite of St. Louis in 1852 wrote and published the "St. Louis Grays' Quickstep" and the "Dewdrop Schottish" in 1851. They were published by Balmer & Weber, St. Louis.

The famous Negro bandmaster of Philadelphia and leader of Frank Johnson's band, the only organization of its kind (of which we have any knowledge) to tour Europe in a series of band concerts and which was commanded to play before Queen Victoria, was the author of more than threescore musical compositions dirges, marches, quadrilles, cotillions, polkas, patriotic songs, quicksteps, etc.

"The Victoria Galop," in honor of the queen of England, and "General Cadwallader's March," gained considerable popularity in their day. Both were published by Willig at Philadelphia, as were most of his other productions. The Society For Historical Research has quite an extensive list of these early Negro musical composers. That the Negro is highly musical is attested by the many creditable evidences of his genius as a composer which have been handed down to us by a past generation. These are hopeful signs of promise for the future of the Negro in music and should furnish inspiration to the rising generation.

S. Coleridge-Taylor
A Musical
Genius!

Clipped from
the Washington Star.
Dec. 3. 1904.

Music, Poetry and Art — 1913.

# Negro Music Festival Will Be Gala Event; Plantation Melodies Will Be Big Feature

Constitution

From left to right: Prof. J. W. Work, Nashville, Tenn., director of chorus; Anita Patti Brown, Chicago, soprano; R. W. Hayes, Boston, tenor; H. H. Proctor, pastor first Congregational church, Atlanta.

The annual music festival held at the Auditorium under the auspices of the Atlanta Colored Music Festival association is easily the first event of the year among the colored people of the south. This year the festival, which occurs July 3 and 4, is to be in celebration of the fiftieth year of the emancipation of the race in the United States, and will, therefore, possess a new significance. Much interest centers in the occasion, not only in Atlanta, but throughout Georgia and the surrounding states. The wife of Booker T. Washington is to be the honor guest of the occasion.

This is the fourth annual festival conducted by the association. It has as its officers A. F. Herndon as president; J. B. Greenwood, vice president; J. G. Watts, auditor; C. C. Cater, treasurer; C. A. Bullard, usher, and Rev. H. H. Proctor, secretary.

The officers believe that they have secured this year the very best group of colored singers ever brought to the city. The most popular among these is Anita Patti Brown, of Chicago, who has proved such a popular attraction that she has been secured by the association every year of its existence save the first. Next to her will be a new singer, Roland B. Hayes, of Boston. He is reputed to be the best tenor the race has ever produced. There is a popular touch in his work that carries everything before him. Clarence Cameron White, the most finished violinist of the race, has been secured for the first time this season. He has studied abroad, and plays with great skill and deep feeling. Professor J. W. Work, of Nashville, assisted by his wife, has charge of the choruses.

**Fisk Jubilee Singers.**

But the biggest feature of the program will be the singing of the famous Fisk Jubilee Singers. They have been a feature of the festival ever since it began, and the audiences never tire of their wonderful singing. This year they are better than ever before. Instead of all the singers being male as heretofore, this year they are half men and half women. It is said that for perfect harmony they are unexcelled by any other group of singers. They work like an organ, the voices blending one into another. They will be heard at every one of the performances. They will be sustained by a chorus of two hundred voices.

The festival will consist of three distinct features. The first is the pageant play, which takes place on Thursday night. This was given for the first time last year, and proved so attractive that it is to be repeated this year. It is an original conception, setting forth the history of the race in picture, song and story. Ten big scenes have been painted by Sossman, the southern scene painter. These scenes illustrate the progress of the race from the shores of Africa up to the present. The drama will be in three acts, Paganism, Slavery and Freedom. Each act is subdivided into three scenes. Actors will represent the situation in each scene. Each scene will be interpreted also by music appropriate to the circumstance. For instance, in the scene of "The Dutch Slave Ship," the Jubilee Singers will sing "Stand the Storm; It Won't Be Long; We'll Anchor By and By." In "The Slave Market" Patti Brown will sing "Way Dwon on the Suwanee River" on the top of an auction block. In "The Home" scene "Home, Sweet Home" will be sung, and in "The School" scene college songs and yells will be heard. This play is the original conception of Rev. H. H. Proctor, who conceived it when he saw the historical pageant of the English people at the Crystal palace in London.

One of the most popular features of the festival will be the matinee of "nothing but negro music," to be given Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Each piece on the program will be of negro composition. The basis of the music will be those peculiar melodies original with the negro race, and for which it has become celebrated. They were made famous by the Fisk Jubilee Singers who carried them around the world. The present singers who will appear at the auditorium on this occasion are the official descendants of these original Fisk Jubilee Singers. One of the songs which they will sing on this occasion will be "Shout All Around God's Heaven," which was sung into the Victor records, and out of which they made $30,000. But there will be also classical selections by negro composers, such as "Just Because," by Patti Brown, from Burleigh, and "By the Waters of Babylon," from Coleridge-Taylor, the late Anglo-African composer. Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, the well-known orator, will give a short oration on "Fifty Years of Progress."

**Climax of Festival.**

The climax of the festival will occur Friday night, when all the stars of the occasion will be brought out in one great aggregation. Roland B. Hayes, of Boston, will sing here for the first time. Great interest centers in his appearance. He has scored the most popular triumphs wherever he has appeared. Patti Brown will appear twice on the program. Clarence C. White, of Boston, will be heard for the first time in the festival. The Fisk Jubilee Singers will appear a number of times on the program, and the two choruses will round out the full evening. Altogether this will be to some the most popular of all the features. The grand concert will close the festival with Handel's "Halleleujah Chorus."

The following is the official program:

Pageant play, Thursday, 8 p. m.
Fifth Regiment orchestra (before the opening of the play and before the acts and scenes).
Curtain—Sphinx and Pyramids.
Foreword—Rev. H. H. Pyramids.

ACT I—PAGANISM.

Scene 1—An African Village. "Camp Meeting Song," chorus.
Scene 2—An African Coast. "Could'nt Hear Nobody Pray," Jubilee singers.
Scene 3—The Dutch Slave Ship "Stand the Storm," chorus.

ACT II.—SLAVERY.

Scene 1—The Slave Market. "Suwanee River," Patti Brown, in costume.
Scene 2—The Plantation. "Steal Away," chorus.
Scene 3—The War. "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie," orchestra. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Patti Brown and chorus.

ACT II.—FREEDOM.

Scene 1—The Home. "Home, Sweet Home," Patti Brown.
Scene 2—The School. "Slumber Boat Song," school girls. College songs, Fisk and Tuskegee.
Scene 3—The Church. Processional, "O, Mother Dear, Jerusalem," and Anthem, "By the Waters of Babylon" (Taylor), chorus.

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MATINEE—FRIDAY 3 P. M.

Folk Song—a. "Steal Away to Jesus." b. "Shout All Over God's Heaven," Jubilee Singers.
Solo—"Just Because" (Burleigh), Anita Patti Brown.
Folk Song—"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," Jubilee Singers.
Folk Song Solo—"You May Bury Me In the East," Agnes Work.
Oration—"Fifty Years of Freedom," Dr. J. W. E. Bowen.
Scene from Hiawatha (Taylor), Roland B. Hayes and chorus.
Lullaby (J. W. Work), Jubilee Singers.
"By the Waters of Babylon" (Taylor), chorus.

GRAND CONCERT FRIDAY 8 P. M.

Chorus—"Wynken, Blynken and Nod" (Nevin).
Solo—a. "To Son Titania" (Thomas); b. "Daddy's Sweetheart" (Lohman), Anite Patti Brown.
Jubilee Singers—"The Rosary" (arranged by J. W. Work).
Chorus—a. "Swing Song" (Frederick N. Loohr); b. "Slumber Boa" (Gainer).
Solo—a. "June" (Runnell); b. "A Spirit Flower" (Campbell-Tipton) Roland B. Hayes.
Trio—"Lift Thine Eyes" (Mendelssohn) Patti Brown, Mabel Madley, Agnes Work.
Violin Solo—Concert for violin. Op. 64 (Mendelsshon), Clarence C. White.
Solo—a. "Villancelli" (Del 'Acqua); b. "Good Bye" (Tosti), Anita Patti Brown.
Chorus—"Swing Low" (Folk Song).
Solo—"Onaway, Awake, Beloved" (Coleridge-Taylor), Roland B. Hayes.
Chorus—"Hallelujah" (Handel).

The railways entering the city are co-operating, and there will be reduced rates on all lines. The West Point route will operate an excursion which will bring over 2,000 people over their line. The returning trains will be held until after the close of the night performance of July 4. Special parties are coming from Marietta, Macon, Athens, Fort Valley, Griffin, Tuskegee, Ala., and other places.

A special invitation is extended to white people. Last year quite a large number attended. This year a thousand seats will be reserved for whites. They will be on the Gilmer street side, so that entrance and exit may be convenient. Tickets for these seats will be on sale Monday morning and thereafter at Phillips & Crew company and Cable Piano company. A special invitation has been extended to the governor, members of the legislature, the mayor and members of the city council to occupy seats in the grandstand. Complimentary tickets have been given to the ministers of all the leading white churches in the city.

It is the desire of the association that the white people who employ servants will give them special opportunity, especially on the Fourth of July, to attend the exercises, as they will prove of much benefit to them. In some cases employers have purchased tickets and given them to their employees. There are so many places in this city that tend to drag down the colored servant that any occasion of this type that is elevating in its nature proves of benefit to the whole city life, which is so much affected by the character of its servants.

The sale of seats opens Monday morning at 10 o'clock at the First Congregational church, colored, for whose benefit the proceeds go. This church under the leadership of its pastor, Rev. H. H. Proctor, keeps its doors open every day and night of the year, with a staff of workers to minister to all who come. Among its facilities are the following features: Gymnasium, bath, cooking, employment bureau, music, rest room, library, kindergarten, prison mission, auditorium, etc. Last year this church reached 10,000 people through its varied facilities. The chief feature is a home for colored working girls, in which the facilities of a modern home are provided for 15 cents a day.

## PRIZE CONTEST FOR MUSICIANS.

A prize contest of the best musical compositions—vocal and instrumental—will be conducted under the Music School Settlement for Colored People. The following open letter from David Mannes, director of the Music School Settlement, explains itself:

To the Negro Musicians of America:

That the Negroes of this country have a generous offering in musical expression to make to the future of our national music is a fact that no one to-day can dispute. The trained musician and the musical layman realizes this. As the folk-lore of the older nations has been the foundation of their great art-expression, so must the Negro music serve to this country the same high purpose.

All great composers have drawn inspiration from the song of the people. The crisis in the life of our Union was fought out for the Negro; but emancipation is not complete until the soul-language music shall have free expression in all people and know the encouragement of equal culture. Our American composers have not given us a native musical expression but have followed European models and by reason of imitation have lacked the sincerity that music pre-eminently must express. Now, then, to the Negro comes a great opportunity. His rythmic individuality, his simple harmonic structure—basic qualities in living folk-lore—can help to give us the song of a free and united America.

In the coming musical contest we hope that the colored people will realize the depth and beauty of their own music of the past, and the hope it holds for the future.

DAVID MANNES.

May 30, 1912.

# Fifty Years

TODAY IS THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION—FROM NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 1, 1913.

[The writer of these resonant stanzas, in which he voices the sentiments and the aspirations of his own race, is a graduate of Atlanta University and pursued his post-graduate studies at Columbia University. He is a member of the Florida Bar, and he has been for seven years in the United States Consular Service, having held the important post of Consul at Corinto during the recent re olutionary movement at Nicaragua.]

O brothers mine, today we stand
  Where half a century sweeps our ken,
Since God, through Lincoln's ready hand,
  Struck off our bonds and made us men.

Just fifty years—a Winter's day—
  As runs the history of a race;
Yet, as we now look o'er the way,
  How distant seems our starting-place!

Look farther back! Three centuries!
  To where a naked, shivering score,
Snatched from their haunts across the seas,
  Stood, wild-eyed, on Virginia's shore.

Far, far the way that we have trod,
  From heathen kraals and jungle dens,
To freedmen, freemen, sons of God,
  Americans and citizens.

A part of His unknown design,
  We've lived within a mighty age;
And we have helped to write a line
  On history's most wondrous page.

A few black bondmen strewn along
  The borders of our eastern coast,
Now grown a race, ten millions strong,
  An upward, onward, marching host.

Then let us here erect a stone,
  To mark the place, to mark the time;
A witness to God's mercies shown,
  A pledge to hold this day sublime.

And let that stone an altar be
  Whereon thanksgivings we may lay—
Where we, in deep humility,
  For faith and strength renewed may pray.

With open hearts ask from above
  New zeal, new courage and new pow'rs,
That we may grow more worthy of
  This country and this land of ours.

For never let the thought arise
  That we are here on sufferance bare;
Outcasts, asylumed 'neath these skies,
  And aliens without part or share.

This land is ours by right of birth,
  This land is ours by right of toil;
We helped to turn its virgin earth,
  Our sweat is in its fruitful soil.

Where once the tangled forest stood,
  Where flourished once rank weed and thorn,
Behold the path-traced, peaceful wood,
  The cotton white, the yellow corn.

To gain these fruits that have been earned,
  To hold these fields that have been won,
Our arms have strained, our backs have bared
  Bent bare beneath the ruthless sun.

That Banner, which is now the type
  Of victory on field and flood—
Remember, its first crimson stripe
  Was dyed by Attucks' willing blood.

And never yet has come the cry—
  When that fair flag has been assailed—
For men to do, for men to die,
  That we have faltered or have failed.

We've helped to bear it, rent and torn,
  Through many a hot-breath'd battle breeze;
Held in our hands, it has been borne
  And planted far across the seas.

And, never yet, O haughty Land—
  Let us, at least, for this be praised—
Has one black treason-guided hand
  Ever against that flag been raised.

Then should we speak but servile words,
  Or shall we hang our heads in shame?
Stand back of new-come foreign hordes,
  And fear our heritage to claim?

No! Stand erect and without fear,
  And for our foes let this suffice—
We've bought a rightful sonship here,
  And we have more than paid the price.

And yet, my brothers, well I know
  The tethered feet, the pinioned wings,
The spirit bowed beneath the blow.
  The heart grown faint from wounds and stings;

The staggering force of brutish might,
  That strikes and leaves us stunned and dazed;
The long, vain waiting through the night
  To hear some voice for justice raised.

Full well I know the hour when hope
  Sinks dead, and 'round us everywhere
Hangs stifling darkness, and we grope
  With hands uplifted in despair.

Courage! Look out, beyond, and see
  The far horizon's beckoning span!
Faith in your God-known destiny!
  We are a part of some great plan.

Because the tongues of Garrison
  And Phillips now are cold in death,
Think you their work can be undone?
  Or quenched the fires lit by their breath?

Think you that John Brown's spirit stops?
  That Lovejoy was but idly slain?
Or do you think those precious drops
  From Lincoln's heart were shed in vain?

That for which millions prayed and sighed,
  That for which tens of thousands fought,
For which so many freely died,
  God cannot let it come to naught.

—JAMES W. JOHNSON.

A NEGRO POET SPEAKS FOR HIS RACE—FROM NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 2, 1913

While the poem, "Fifty Years," printed on this page yesterday, had, of course, a certain special or added interest because of its author's race, no critic could in fairness have said that consideration of its source was necessary in judging its merits. The excellence of the verses was absolute, not relational, and it is doubtful if any reader uninformed of their origin, could have deduced it from their peculiarities either of sentiment or diction.

A white man, if highly endowed with sympathy for the Negroes and if sincerely appreciative of the obstacles they have encountered and the progress they have made in the half century since emancipation, might have written exactly as did Mr. Johnson—he might, that is, had he also been endowed with Mr. Johnson's elevation of sentiment, his power of creative imagination, and his thorough knowledge that for the production of strong emotional effects simple language is the best.

While there would be hesitation in pronouncing this poem a work of genius, there would be difficulty in explaining why it did not deserve to be so described. At any rate, a great subject was greatly treated. The poem was much more than the heartfelt cry of a man with a grievance. It was that, incidentally, but it also rang with the honest pride of high achievement and firmly claimed privileges deserved and rights well earned.

That the poem was not a full statement of the "race problem"—that it in effect ignored a full half of the problem, and a half quite as important as the one presented—could not be denied and need not be. The poet performed the task that came to him as a poet, he selected his facts to suit his purpose, and it was a sufficient justification for him that his statements were true. The telling of the whole truth he properly left for others and through another medium.

Remembrance of this was necessary for a proper understanding of intention at several points in the poem, and especially at the lines—

This land is ours by right of birth,
  This land is ours by right of toil;
We helped to turn its virgin earth,
  Our sweat is in its fruitful soil.

Theirs, in any exclusive sense of that word, the land certainly is not, but as certainly they can assert that here they are not "on sufferance bare," or "aliens without part or share."

# OUR MUSICAL ACHIEVEMENTS

## Evidences of the Ability of Colored Composers.

## INSPIRATION TO THE YOUNG.

**Encouraging Signs of Promise For the Future of the Race In the World of Music—Over Threescore Compositions Written by a Colored Bandmaster.**

By JOHN E. BRUCE (GRIT).

Everybody who has taken the trouble to investigate the matter knows that one of the most beautiful songs ever written, "Listen to the Mocking Bird," was composed by a wandering Negro street minstrel, George Milburn of Philadelphia, over fifty years ago. It was set to music by a white man, Septimus Winner, who got all the credit for it and whatever financial profit there was in it. Milburn got something like a dozen copies of the song after it was published, and many people told him he was a genius.

But Milburn was not the only Negro in Philadelphia who could compose sweet tunes. He was, perhaps, the only one among his brethren in the musical firmament who c[illegible] a musical score. Of those who [illegible] give full expression to their ideas as composers of music may be mentioned James Hemmenway, who wrote a sentimental song entitled, "That Rest So Sweet Like Bliss Above," which attained wide popularity in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

It was published in Atkinson's Casket, a musical journal, to which he was a contributor in October, 1829. Mr. Hemmenway wrote also "The Philadelphia Grand Entree March," "Washington Gray's Grand March," "Washington Gray's Bugle Call" and "Hunter and Hop Waltzes," which were published by Willig, and the "Philadelphia Hop Waltz," published by Lee & Walker.

Another Philadelphian, A. J. Conner, wrote and dedicated to Miss Matilda Cornish, a popular and prominent young lady of color, a song entitled "My Cherished Hopes, My Fondest Dreams," which was published in the Anglo-African Magazine in January, 1857. He also wrote the "Evergreen Polka," published by Oliver Ditson in Boston, 1859; "American Polka Quadrilles," 1846; "New York Polka Waltz," published by A. Fiot in Philadelphia, 1846; "General Taylor's Galop," published by J. G. Osborn, 1846; "Philadelphia Polka Waltz;" "I. O. of O. F. Quadrille," published by Lee & Walker, 1846; "Chestnut Street Promenade Quadrille," published by S. T. Gordon, New York, 1850.

Robert Murray of Baltimore wrote the "Furioso Galop," published by Boswell & Barlett, and the "Tedesco Polka," published by George Willig. I have not been able to fix the dates of these publications, however. J. W. Postlewaite of St. Louis in 1852 wrote and published the "St. Louis Grays' Quickstep" and the "Dewdrop Schottish" in 1851. They were published by Balmer & Weber, St. Louis.

The famous Negro bandmaster of Philadelphia and leader of Frank Johnson's band, the only organization of its kind (of which we have any knowledge) to tour Europe in a series of band concerts and which was commanded to play before Queen Victoria, was the author of more than threescore musical compositions—dirges, marches, quadrilles, cotillions, polkas, patriotic songs, quicksteps, etc.

"The Victoria Galop," in honor of the queen of England, and "General Cadwallader's March," gained considerable popularity in their day. Both were published by Willig at Philadelphia, as were most of his other productions. The Society For Historical Research has quite an extensive list of these early Negro musical composers. That the Negro is highly musical is attested by the many creditable evidences of his genius as a composer which have been handed down to us by a past generation. These are hopeful signs of promise for the future of the Negro in music and should furnish inspiration to the rising generation.

PRAISE FOR J. W. JOHNSON'S POEM

To the Editor of The New York Times:

I never heard of James W. Johnson until I read his stirring verses in The Times of New Year's Day, but having read those verses I would like to say publicly that in my opinion there are few Caucasian versifiers who can summon the spirit and give the swing to their lines that he does. The African is a born melodist, and Poet Johnson's rhythm and rhyme prove that he has the full measure of the quality w hich cannot come from all the training of all the schools quite as nature give.

CAUCASIAN.

New York, January 1, 1913.

Music, Poetry and Art — 1913

# COLORED MUSIC FESTIVAL AT AUDITORIUM THIS WEEK WILL FEATURE MANY FINE VOICES

Constitution — 8-11-12

The colored people of Atlanta and vicinity have come to regard their annual music festival as their chief social, as well leading musical event of the year. This festival was begun three years ago under the auspices of the Atlanta Colored Music Festival association, and became popular at once among thi smusic-loving people. The association has the following well-known negroes as officers: A. F. Herndon, president; J. B. Greenwood, vice president; C. C. Cater, treasurer; L. G. Watts, Auditor; C. A. Bullard, marshal, and H. H. Proctor, secretary.

The two previous festivals given by this association have been, indeed, creditable, but the one to be offered Thursday and Friday of next week at the Auditorium bids fair to eclipse its predecessors in novelty, attractiveness and excellence. It will consist of three distinct features—a drama, an organ recital and a grand concert. The organization has been unsparing in expense to make the occasion complete in every detail, and over 200 singers have been rehearsing three and four time a week for the chorus singing. The leading colored singers of the country have been secured for the special parts.

The first and what will probably prove the most attractive feature of the festival will be the cantata and tableau, which will take place Thursday night, August 15. This drama, entitled "Up to Freedom," is the first passion play of the progress of the colored race ever attempted. And it is appropriate that it comes at this time in view of the approaching semi-centennial of the emancipation of the negro race in the United States. There is no more appropriate place where it could occur than right here in the south, where are to be found the largest body of the most enlightened and progressive members of the colored race anywhere in all the world.

This drama is the conception of Rev. H. H. Proctor, who, in his recent trip abroad, was inspired by a similar drama given at the Crystal palace in London setting forth the historical progress of the English-speaking people. This racial drama will trace the steps of the American negro in his upward march from the jungles of Africa to his present status in American life. The three acts of the play are suggestive: Paganism, slavery and freedom. These three acts are subdivided into nine scenes. Fred H. Seaman, the southern scene painter, has painted ten large scenes expressly for this drama.

**Echoes of Negro Life.**

On the front curtain will be seen the picture of the sphinx and the pyramids, those enigmas of the North African desert, not unsuggestive of the ancient glory of the North African peoples, some of whom most surely were of mixed blood. "Paganism" will be illustrated by an African village, an African coast with slaves huddled about and a Dutch slave ship in midocean. "Slavery" will be depicted by a slave market, a plantation scene, with manor house and cabins, and a battle scene. The culminating act, "Freedom," will be illustrated by home, school and church scenes. These scenes are large and brilliantly colored and will be illuminated with spot and flood light.

This drama will largely illustrate negro genius. The music and the poetry have been taken from negro authors. Professor B. G. Brawley, dean of the Atlanta Baptist college, is furnishing the epic poem for the occasion, "The Freedom of the Free." Its closing stanza runs:

"Let us heed no tale of Anak or Philistine in the land;
Let us hear the word from Sinai and Jehovah's high command;
Worship not the golden calf, nor unto Baal bend the knee,
That our sons may rise triumphant in the freedom of the free."

"Ode to Ethiopia" and "The Colored Soldiers," both productions of the negro poet, Dunbar, will be heard during the evening. The closing chorus by 100 voices, "By the Waters of Babylon," is the well-known composition of Coleridge Taylor, an Englishman of African descent.

**Some Fine Voices.**

The artists of the drama will be the very best the colored race can afford in their line. Anita Patti Brown, the star of the drama, is probably the best endowed singer of her race, and sings with wonderful depth of feeling and great brilliancy. She will be heard during the evening in such favorites as "Home, Sweet Home" and "Suwanee River." Selena Sloan Butler, of this city, wife of the well-known colored physician, Dr. H. R. Butler, will be the reader of the evening. She is a graduate of Spelman seminary and has made special studies in her art in Boston. The Fisk jubilee singers have sung throughout the country, and are the official descendants of the original troup that sang around the world and made the negro melodies celebrated on both sides of the water. Two choruses of 100 voices each, one of mixed voices of men and women and the other entirely of girls, will do the choral part. They have been under the training of Professor Lulu Vere Childers, head of the musical department of Howard university, Washington, D. C. The orchestra of the Fifth regiment band will furnish the instrumental music for the occasion.

The organ recital, which occurs at the First Congregational church, corner Courtland avenue and Houston street, Friday afternoon, will be one of the chief features. The organist will be Professor Roy W. Tibbs, of Chicago, the young organist who recently graduated from Oberlin college with high musical honor. He is said to be the best colored musician that ever graduated from Oberlin. In his recital Tibbs will play among other selections Bach's "Prelude and Fugue in A Minor." He will be assisted by the famous Fisk jubilee singers, who are said to be better than ever. A reception to the artist and visitors will follow the recital in the institutional department of the church.

R. W. TIBBS.
Organist of the Festival.

**A Finished Singer.**

The crowning feature of the festival will be the grand concert Friday night, August 16. Harry W. Burleigh, of New York, will be the leading singer of the grand concert. Burleigh is unquestionably the most finished and artistic singer of the race. He is constantly engaged in singing before the most cultured audiences in New York and has sung before the crowned heads of Europe. He is a composer of note and many of his works may be found in the music stalls of Atlanta. He was heard here two years ago and was rated high by the white musical critics of the city. He sang some of the same selections that had recently been sung in grand opera on the same stage. Negroes look upon Burleigh as their Caruso. He sings every Sunday in St. George's in New York. Next to Burleigh will be Patti Brown, who will be heard in Lakme's "Indian Bell Song" (in costume) from the opera, and in "The Last Rose of Summer." The Fisk jubilee singers will render a number of jubilee melodies and the two choruses will sing. The Fifth regiment orchestra will also play.

SELINA SLOAN BUTLER, Reader.

**Three Programs.**

The following are the official programs for the three occasions of the festival:

Cantata and Tableau, Thursday night, August 15:

Fifth Regiment orchestra. (Before the opening of the drama and between the acts and scenes.)

Act I—Paganism.

Scene 1. An African Village. The Fisk Jubilee Singers.

Scene 2. On an African Coast. Epic poem, "The Freedom of the Free," by Selena S. Butler.

Scene 3. The Slave Ship in Midocean. The Fisk Jubilee Singers.

Act II—Slavery.

Scene 1. The Slave Market. "Way Down on the Suwannee River," Anita Patti Brown (in costume on the auction block).

Scene 2. The Plantation. The Fisk Jubilee Singers.

Scene 3. The Battle Scene. Orchestra, in "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie." "The Colored Soldier," by S. S. Butler. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," chorus of 100 voices led by Anita Patti Brown.

Act III—Freedom.

Scene 1. The Home Scene. "Home, Sweet Home," by Anita Patti Brown. Piano solo, by Professor Roy Tibbs.

Scene 2. The School. "Swing Song," chorus by 100 school girls. College songs.

Scene 3. The Church Scene. Processional, "O, Mother Dear, Jerusalem," chorus. "By the Waters of Babylon," by the chorus of 100 voices, accompanied by orchestra.

Organ recital, Friday afternoon, August 16, 3 o'clock, at First Congregation church, by Roy W. Tibbs:

The Fisk Jubilee Singers.
Prelude and Fugue in A minor—Bach.
Sonata No. 11, op. 148, (a) Agitato, (b) Cantilene, (c) Intermezzo, (d) Fugue—Rheinberger.
Solo, "I Hear You Calling Me," Marshall—John W. Work.
Canzone della Sera—E. d'Evry.
Nuptial March, E major—Guilmant.
The Fisk Jubilee Singers.
Toccata from Symphony No. 5—Widor.

Grand concert, Friday night, August 16, at 8 o'clock:

Fifth Regiment orchestra.
Chorus, "Liberty"—Faning.
Solo, "Indian Bell Song" (in costume), from opera "Lakme"—Anita Patti Brown.
The Fisk Jubilee Singers.
Orchestra.
Solo, Harry W. Burleigh.
Girls' chorus, (a) "Springtime," (b) "Swing Song."
The Fisk Jubilee Singers.
Solo, "The Last Rose of Summer"—Anita Patti Brown.
Orchestra.
Duet, (a) "I Feel Thy Angel Spirit," Gaben; (b) "O, Fairest Night" (from Tales of Hoffman), Offenbach—Lulu Vere Childers and Anita Patti Brown.
Solo, Harry W. Burleigh.
Chorus, with orchestra, "Hallelujah"—Handel.

**Many to Take Part.**

All told, over two hundred and fifty people will take part in the festival. Preparation for the event has been going on for weeks, and interest is intense among the colored people, not only in Atlanta, but also in the surrounding territory. Among the distinguished visitors expected are the wife of Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.; President Dudley and wife, Greensboro, N. C.; Dr. Brazley and wife, Macon, Ga., and others. Large parties are coming from Athens, Rome, Macon, Thomasville, Covington, Newnan, Augusta and other nearby cities. The leading homes of the colored people are already taxed by advanced reservations on account of this event. Many will combine business with pleasure and take advantage of the cut in prices to secure summer bargains. The railways offer reduced rates to parties of ten or more.

The proceeds of the festival go toward the support of the institutional work being done by the First Congregational church, Rev. H. H. Proctor, pastor. This is the first church of its kind in the heart of the south for the colored race, and has become well-known throughout the country, having been visited by such distinguished men as President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt, both of whom spoke warm words of praise for the work. This church is regarded throughout the country as doing for the negro in the line of church work what Tuskegee institute is doing for the race in that of school work. Its doors are open in welcome to all, week-day as well as Sunday, night as well as day, and it appeals in its social facilities to the development of the mind and the body, as well as the soul. Among its social and industrial facilities are the library, kindergarten, gymnasium, bath, model kitchen, sewing, lyceum, employment bureau, etc. A working girls' home is to be opened next month, and a boys' club of over two hundred members is now in full blast, reaching the neediest boys of the city. A worker is giving his entire time to the care of men and boys.

### White People to Attend.

The association is particularly anxious to have the white people attend this festival. In previous years they have attended in large numbers, and they are expected to attend in even larger numbers this year in view of the particularly interesting features of the occasion. It is a source of great encouragement to the colored people that the southern white people take pride in the progress they are making. Among the leading white people who were present last year were Mayor Winn, Judge Candler and their families. The mayor is specially invited this year, and it is expected that he will attend. One thousand good seats have been reserved for whites. Part of these are on the first floor and the others in the balcony. Tickets may be found on sale at Phillips & Crew company and the Cable Piano company.

The central place for the sale of tickets will be at the office of the First Congregational church, corner Courtland avenue and Houston street. The prices for seats are as follows: Box seats, $1; arena, 75 cents; dress circle, 50 cents; balcony, 25 cents. Both telephones are in the office of the church, and tickets may be reserved by telephone.

The association appreciates the cooperation of the white people who in previous years have encouraged their servants to attend, in many cases providing the expense of the ticket. Many reports have come of improved relations between employer and employee through this kindness and consideration.

# Place Among Whites of Colored Genius

2-24-12 Standard

HOW MEN OF AFRICAN FORBEARS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN ART AND LETTERS—NOTABLE MODERN EXAMPLES.

The Author of "In the Land of the Pharaohs" Describes Achievements "of Hope" of Ethiopian Race, as follows, reprinted in the New York Times:

A country or people producing a John Milton or a William Shakespeare can scarcely be said to be lacking in that essential qualification of artistic eminence—genius.

Similarly, a race capable of producing a Poushkin, a Dumas, and a Dunbar in letters, and a Coleridge-Taylor and a Marion Cook in music, can neither be lacking in high intellect and artistic temperament, nor devoid of that dash of creative genius without which literature is debased to the level of nonsensical drivel and music degraded to a flaccid medley of conventional sounds.

It is a rather remarkable fact that three men of Ethiopian blood—Poushkin in Russia, Dumas in France, and Coleridge-Taylor in England—should have added lustre, through their names, to the art of the countries that gave them birth. And what is true of Europe is still more remarkable in the land of the dollars. Dvorak once said that the Americans had no National music except that emanating from Negro melodies, and that it was to the Negro that the Americans would have to look for creative work in that direction.

Quite recently Puccini, on his return to Europe after producing "The Girl of the Golden West" in New York, although not going so far as Dvorak, also averred that the only music the Americans possessed was the Negro melodies. The latter part of Dvorak's statement was something of a prophecy when we remember Will Marion Cook, the composer of "In Dahomey," "Abyssinia," "Bandanna Land," and "The Casino Girl." Thus we have four mulattoes who have done credit to the dual race to which they belong.

A FAMOUS QUARTET

Alexander Sergeievich Poushkin, born in 1799 of a noble Russian family, on the paternal side had an Ethiopian grandmother. Alexander Dumas, pere, born 1802, descended from an African grandmother from Haiti and a French nobleman. The novelist's father took the name Dumas from his Ethiopian mother. Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, born in London in 1875, the son of a West African doctor and an English mother, and Will Marion Cook, with both maternal and paternal African forbears. Cook's mother was the first colored teacher in the state of Kentucky, and his father one of the first colored lawyers in America to practice in the City of Washington, D. C., where the composer was born forty-four years ago.

In France the color question is a negligible quantity, and Dumas was trained for the Church, although he was eventually apprenticed to a notary. Later he sallied forth like D'Artagnan to make fame and fortune in Paris with a patrimony consising of hope and buoyancy inherited from his grandmother, bravery from his soldier father, the grand manner of a noble grandfather, a genius belonging to none but himself, and his pockets lined with--twenty francs!

Dumas did for French fiction what Sir Walter Scott accomplished in English literature; but while Scott's style is ponderous, and for the most part tedious, like the tread of a lumbering elephant, Dumas' style is light and airy, like the gambol of a gazelle.

POUSHKIN AND COLERIDGE-TAYLOR

Poushkin not only gave dignity to Russian poetry, but his prose works, which include such novels as "The Captain's Daughter" and "Dubnovski," and his "History of the Pugatcheff Insurrection"—for which he received 20,000 roubles in 1883--gave Russian prose a literary perfection. His intellect was original, his intuition quick, his wit keen, and his humor gentle. He possessed an extraodinary mastery of technique both in prose and poetry, and his epigrams are said to be the best produced in any language.

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor's genius may be said to have asserted itself when, as a boy of six, Mr. Joseph Beckwith discovered him in Waddon New Road, Croydon, "holding a very small-sized violin in one hand, and playing at marbles with the other." The real discovery was, however, made by "his guardian, friend, and benefactor, Col. Herbert A. Walters, V. D., late commanding the Fourth Battalion The Queen's Regiment."

There have been boy prodigies in abundance, but never before in the history of music has a boy, showing early promise, such as that identified with Coleridge-Taylor's early youth—except Handel and Brindis de Salis—fulfilled that promise on arriving at man's estate. Handel wrote his first opera, "Almira" at twenty. "Hiawatha was produced when Coleridge-Taylor was twenty-three.

Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has been recently elected principal Professor of Musical Composition at the Guildhall School of Music, London. For five years he has been and still is, conductor of the Handel Society of London.

THE ETHIOPIAN BURNS

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the pure-blooded Ethiopian poet, may be termed the Burns of the Negro race. William Dean Howells, in his introduction to Dunbar's "Lyrics of Lowly Life," says: "What struck me in reading Mr. Dunbar's poetry was that however gifted his race had proved itself in music, in oratory, in several of the other arts, here was the first instance of an American Negro who had evinced innate distinction in literature." Here is a specimen: "When Malindy Sings," from "Lyrics of Lowly Life."

G'way and quit dat noise, Miss Lucy;
Put dat music-book away;
What's de use to keep on tryin'?
Et you practice twell you're gray.
You can't sta't no notes a-flying'
Lak de ones dat rants and rings
From de kitchen to de big woods
When Malindy sings.

You ain't got de nachel o'gans
Fu' to make the soun' come right,
You ain't got de tu'ns an' twistin's
Fu' to make it sweet and light.
Tell you one thing now, Miss Lucy,
An' I'm tellin' you fu' true,
When hit comes to real right singin'
'Taint no easy thing to do.

Easy 'nough fu' folks to hollah,
Lookin' at de lines an' dots,
When dey ain't no one kin sense it,
An' de chune comes in, in spots;
But fu' real melojous music,
Dat jes strikes yo' hea't and clings,
Jas you stan' an' listen wif me
When Malindy sings.

As long as the Ethiopian race shall continue to produce Coleridge-Taylors, Dunbars, Booker T. Washingtons, DuBoises, Blydens, Marion Cooks, and others who have made an impression upon their age, whether in law, letters, music, or the sister arts, so long will there be hope for the social, material, and political advancement of the Ethiopian race.—Duse Mohamed, author of "In the Land of the Pharaohs," in London T. P.'s Magazine.

## UMBRIAN GLEE CLUB CONCERT AT QUINN CHAPEL

4/15-12 Standard

### Madam Anita Patti Brown Charms Her Hearers in a Scene from "Lakme."

Chicago has long been known for its notable June concerts, which take the place of weddings, and in this particular month, when the breezes from Lake Michigan float heavier upon the air than in any other city, the most wonderful of musical events can safely be ventured upon without any fear or terror of the summer season. Quinn Chapel, A. M. E. Church, on the occasion of June 5 again presented a large audience to honor the Umbrian Glee Club with its new edition of mandolin and guitar numbers. But the artistic and social event of the evening was the reappearance of Madam Anita Patti Brown, a woman who possesses the most remarkable coloratura voice of any singer of her race.

In criticising this singer, I must make it plain that we are basking in the regions of the higher art and education, which appeals only to those who are intelligent enough to understand. We were not seated in a vaudeville theater where some of the illiterate singers and dancers get angry and kick up because they do not understand, but we were seated in a temple where conceited actors with swelled heads and lack of ability and learning would be barred.

The critic who looks so big in large places and apparently so little in small places was there to resume his mission of criticising real artists for the benefit of teaching ignorant performers, without fear of insult from some actor, whose work was unworthy of notice. It was a wonderful reception that Patti Brown received as a tribute to her value as she entered upon the platform. Her first number was the "Ritorna Vinctor" from "Aida." Her carriage of melody was superb in this selection, which belongs to Verdi's charm music, themes which cause his opera's to live daily as a token to his memory; but Madam Brown's pronunciation still lacks knowledge and stress in foreign accenuation. Her second big number was the "Indiana Bell Song" from "Lakme." I remember hearing Madam Allemand render the same selection on more than one occasion in the American Opera Company at the old Academy in New York during the time when Mrs. Thurber had opened the National Conservatory free to colored people. In this number Patti Brown's voice was flute-like in sweetness and her execution in staccatto was sure. But it was her natural trills that render her voice remarkable, and in this respect she has never been equaled by any singer of her race. To speak of Patti Brown from a technical observation as an artist, she cannot bear comparison with those who were foremost; she can only be looked upon as vocally great. Her lower tones lack the power of Black Patti. Her "Last Rose of Summer" pictured her limitation as any capable critic can see it. It showed that her judgment of art is not yet developed in the highest degree of perfection, and her conception of the poetry of song lacked the broader instinct of artistic value possessed by Black Patti, Selika, Batson and Nellie Brown Mitchell, but her middle and upper notes are sweeter and purer than any. Lack of passion, of dramatic intensity, lack of composure and a method of attraction too expeditious to be termed the greatest of art, suffered by usurpation. But as the greatest young singer of the present generation of voices, the labor of Madam Brown is the approach of greater art in its prime maturity.

The Umbria Glee Club was with us again in better form than we have heard them in a year, due, perhaps, to the energy of their new director, Pedro T. Tinsley. "Legend of the Rhine" was given in a spirited manner. "The Lost Chord" was a masterpiece, and "Tar's Farewell" met with immediate favor on its popularity, it being well sung.

The mandolin and guitar club made its first appearance, and like babies in the cradle, found encouragement, for their reading was very good, while their weakness of harmony was due to tender babyhood. Livelier music would have been best, for the guitars dragged woefully, but withal, their reailly acceptable appearance served as a good preparatory school for the future.

Robert M. Shelby's mandolin solos were quite a surprise in symphonic harmony, and his undertone accompaniment was marvellous in a way, especially the prison music from "Il Trovatore," which only a lack in time, due to its difficult fingering, robbed it of perfection.

Mrs. L. B. Smith accompanied the madam nicely and recited. T. Theodore Taylor and M. Gertrude Jackson played for the glee club.

## An Appreciation of Coleridge-Taylor.

Age—9-26-12

(By Clarence Cameron White.)

Those of us who knew Mr. Coleridge-Taylor best are just beginning to realize that it is really true that our eminent composer has passed to the great beyond. When the news came from London on September 2 that Samuel Coleridge-Taylor had died the day before, we could not believe that this master of only 37 years was no more. But alas, it is too true!

I believe that Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's life and work meant more to the young Negro musician and music student here in America than can be told in words. That his life was an inspiration to me is putting it mildly. My acquaintance with Mr. Coleridge-Taylor dates back to my student days at Oberlin (1896-1900) when I received from him a number of his violin compositions and a very kind letter saying that Mr. Frederick Loudon, who was then in London, had spoken to him of me. It is useless for me to say how eagerly I practiced those compositions and how many, many times I read and reread that letter.